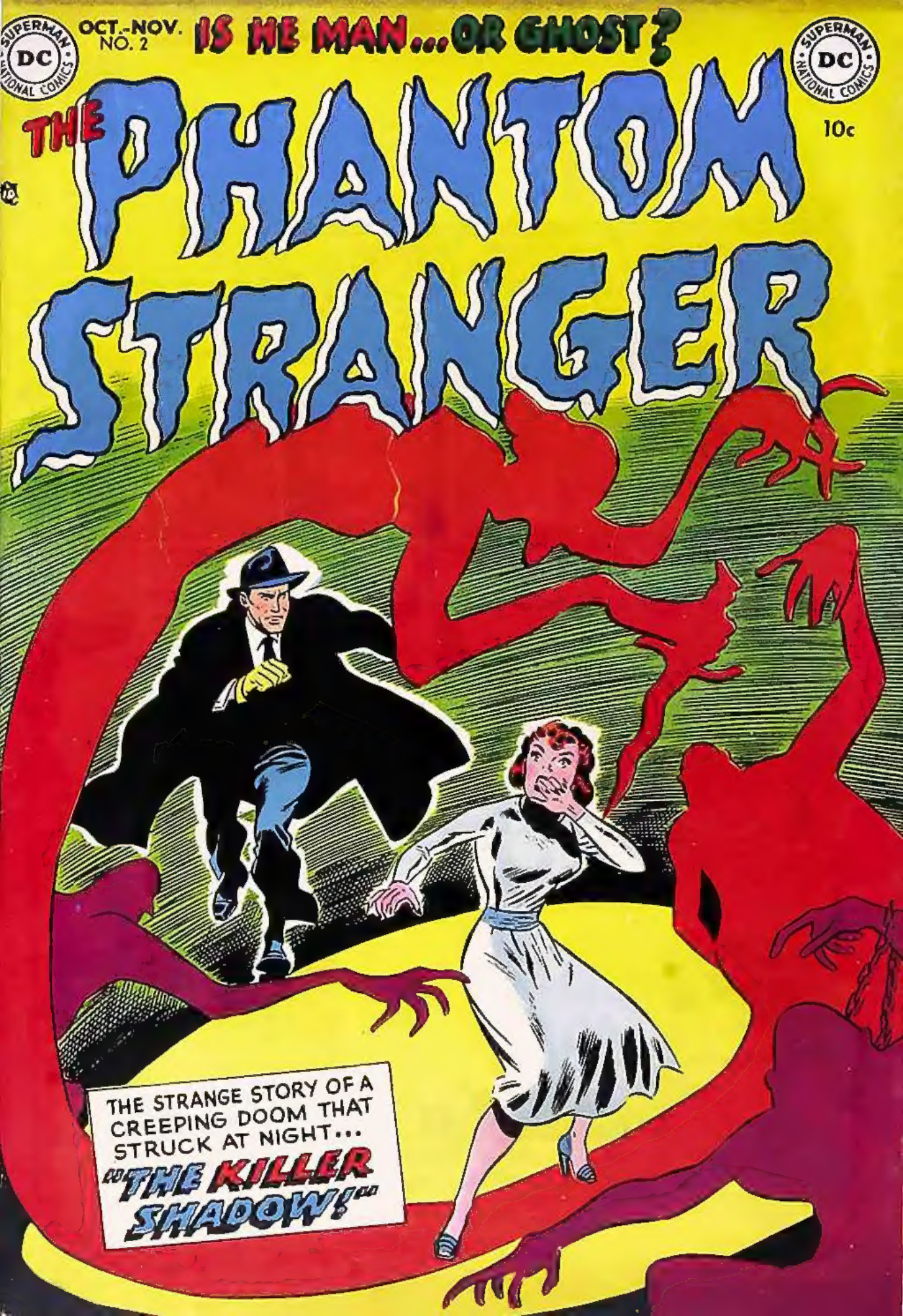
SUPERMAN DC NATIONAL COMICS
OCT.-NOV. NO. 2

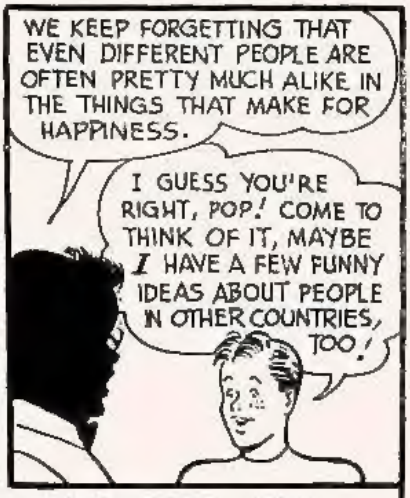
IS HE MAN... OR GHOST?

SUPERMAN DC NATIONAL COMICS

10c

THE PHANTOM STRANGER





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THE PHANTOM STRANGER

LOOK BEHIND YOU! IS YOUR SHADOW STILL WITH YOU -- OR HAS IT STOLEN AWAY AND BECOME

The KILLER SHADOW!

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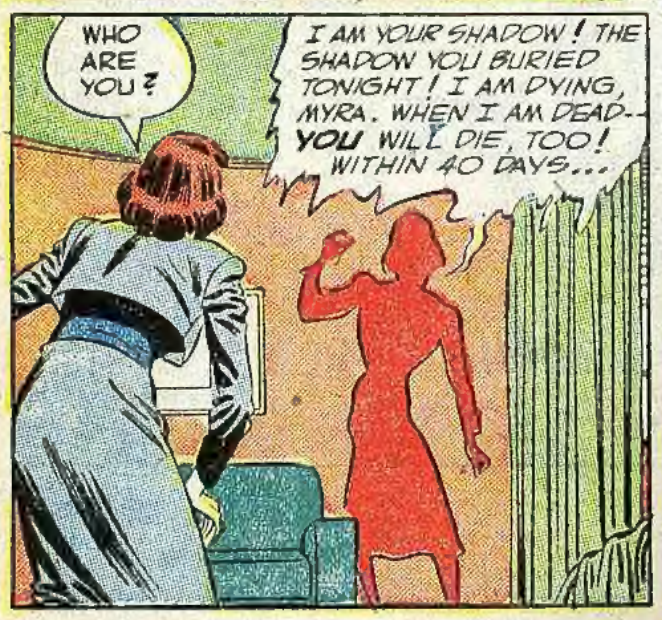
YES--MYRA! DO IT!
IT SHOULD BE FUN!

ALL RIGHT--BUT HOW DO YOU GO ABOUT BURYING A PERSON'S SHADOW?

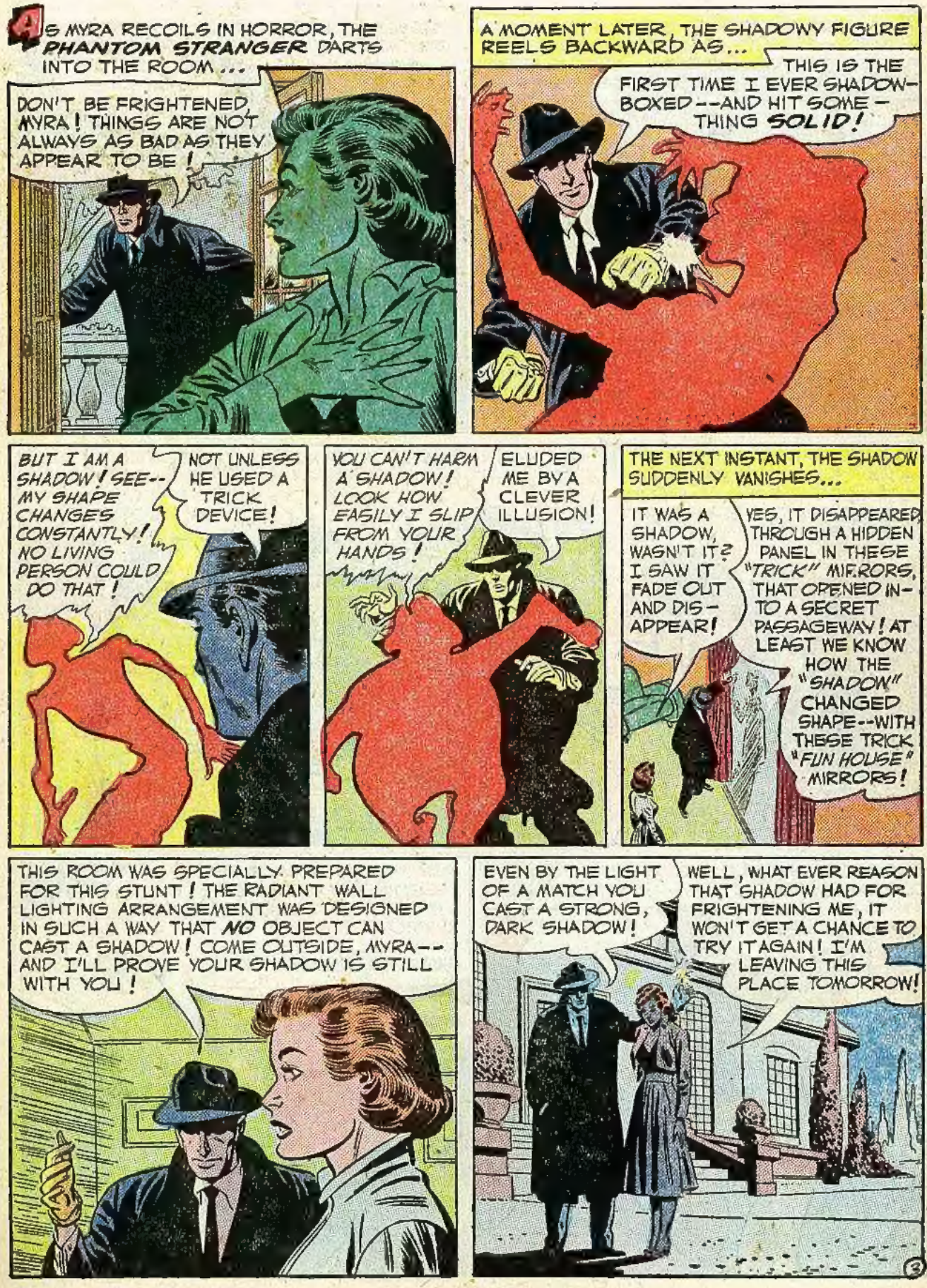
AS MYRA CASTS HER SHADOW ON THE GROUND, HER GUARDIAN, JOHN NEVILLE, MEASURES THE OUTLINE OF THE DARK IMAGE...
SEE--A STRING IS STRETCHED AROUND THE OUTLINE OF YOUR SHADOW, MYRA. IT HOLDS IT SAFELY "TIED"...

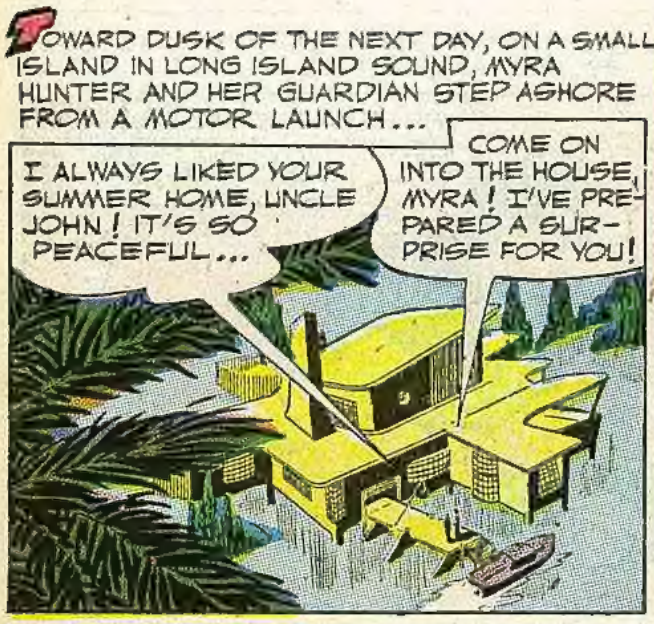
SO THAT BY SLIPPING THE STRING INTO A BOX--THE SHADOW ITSELF IS IMPRISONED INSIDE! NOW WE SHALL BURY THE BOX UNDER THE CORNERSTONE OF THE SUMMER HOUSE!

THAT NIGHT, AS MYRA READS A MAGAZINE IN HER ROOM BEFORE RETIRING...
MYRA... CAN YOU HEAR ME?
WHAT...?


WHO ARE YOU?
I AM YOUR SHADOW! THE SHADOW YOU BURIED TONIGHT! I AM DYING, MYRA. WHEN I AM DEAD--YOU WILL DIE, TOO! WITHIN 40 DAYS...

YOUR GUARDIAN FORGOT TO TELL YOU THAT, DIDN'T HE? THAT WITHIN 40 DAYS, THE PERSON WHOSE SHADOW WAS BURIED MUST DIE TOO! LOOK FOR YOURSELF--YOU HAVE LOST YOUR SHADOW!
OHHH!


AS MYRA RECOILS IN HORROR, THE PHANTOM STRANGER DARTS INTO THE ROOM...
DON'T BE FRIGHTENED, MYRA! THINGS ARE NOT ALWAYS AS BAD AS THEY APPEAR TO BE!
A MOMENT LATER, THE SHADOWY FIGURE REELS BACKWARD AS...
THIS IS THE FIRST TIME I EVER SHADOW-BOXED--AND HIT SOME-THING SOLID!
BUT I AM A SHADOW! SEE--MY SHAPE CHANGES CONSTANTLY! NO LIVING PERSON COULD DO THAT!
NOT UNLESS HE USED A TRICK DEVICE!
YOU CAN'T HARM A SHADOW! LOOK HOW EASILY I SLIP FROM YOUR HANDS!
ELUDED ME BY A CLEVER ILLUSION!
THE NEXT INSTANT, THE SHADOW SUDDENLY VANISHES...
IT WAS A SHADOW, WASN'T IT? I SAW IT FADE OUT AND DIS-APPEAR!
YES, IT DISAPPEARED THROUGH A HIDDEN PANEL IN THESE "TRICK" MIRRORS, THAT OPENED IN-TO A SECRET PASSAGEWAY! AT LEAST WE KNOW HOW THE "SHADOW" CHANGED SHAPE--WITH THESE TRICK "FUN HOUSE" MIRRORS!
THIS ROOM WAS SPECIALLY PREPARED FOR THIS STUNT! THE RADIANT WALL LIGHTING ARRANGEMENT WAS DESIGNED IN SUCH A WAY THAT NO OBJECT CAN CAST A SHADOW! COME OUTSIDE, MYRA--AND I'LL PROVE YOUR SHADOW IS STILL WITH YOU!
EVEN BY THE LIGHT OF A MATCH YOU CAST A STRONG, DARK SHADOW!
WELL, WHAT EVER REASON THAT SHADOW HAD FOR FRIGHTENING ME, IT WON'T GET A CHANCE TO TRY IT AGAIN! I'M LEAVING THIS PLACE TOMORROW!


TOWARD DUSK OF THE NEXT DAY, ON A SMALL ISLAND IN LONG ISLAND SOUND, MYRA HUNTER AND HER GUARDIAN STEP ASHORE FROM A MOTOR LAUNCH...
I ALWAYS LIKED YOUR SUMMER HOME, UNCLE JOHN! IT'S SO PEACEFUL...
COME ON INTO THE HOUSE, MYRA! I'VE PREPARED A SURPRISE FOR YOU!

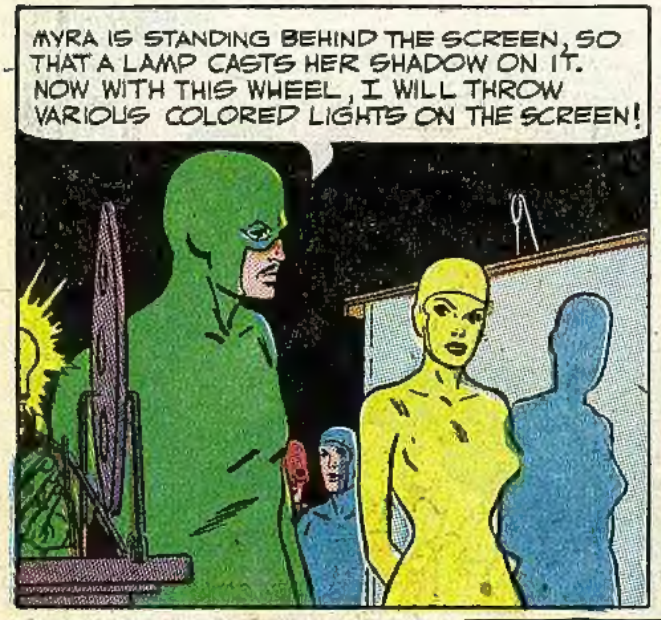
BUT AS MYRA HUNTER OPENS THE DOOR OF THE MANSION...
OH, NO! THE SHADOWS AGAIN!

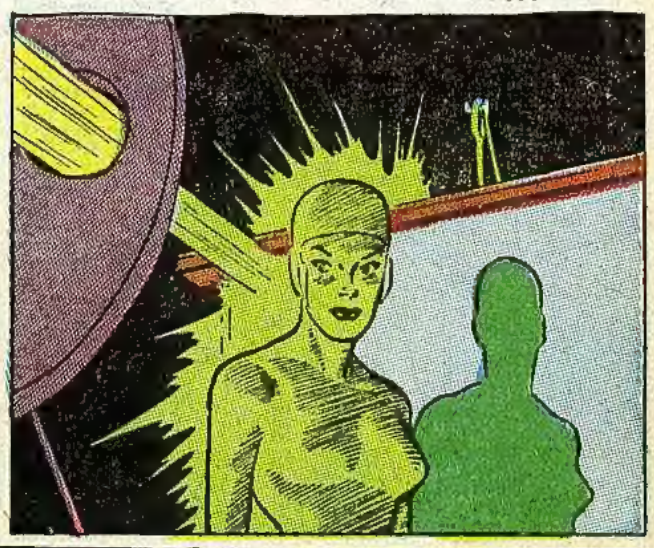
NO NEED TO BE FRIGHTENED, MYRA! I ARRANGED THIS SURPRISE PARTY--A SHADOW PARTY--ONLY TO POKE FUN AT YOUR SHADOW EXPERIENCE OF LAST NIGHT!
HA, HA! SURPRISE, MYRA!

MAGIC LANTERNS! SHADOW SHOWS! ISN'T THIS FUN, MYRA?
MAYBE THIS IS JUST THE THING TO CHEER ME UP! WHERE'S MY COSTUME?

SOON MYRA HUNTER IS CLAD IN HER OWN COSTUME, AND THE GAY PARTY IS IN FULL SWING...
HA! HA!
WHAT FUNNY ANIMAL SHADOWS!

NOW, MYRA, WITH YOUR HELP I'M GOING TO SHOW OUR GUESTS A STARTLING TRICK! I'M GOING TO PROVE THAT YOU CAN WALK AWAY AND LEAVE YOUR SHADOW BEHIND YOU!
WHAAAAT?


MYRA IS STANDING BEHIND THE SCREEN, SO THAT A LAMP CASTS HER SHADOW ON IT. NOW WITH THIS WHEEL, I WILL THROW VARIOUS COLORED LIGHTS ON THE SCREEN!


FIRST A RED LIGHT, THEN GREEN, AND FINALLY BLUE ARE CAST ON THE SCREEN ...

NOW AS NO LIGHT IS CAST ON THE SCREEN--MYRA STEPS AWAY--AND PRESTO! HER SHADOW REMAINS ON THE SCREEN!
WHAT A WONDERFUL ILLUSION!

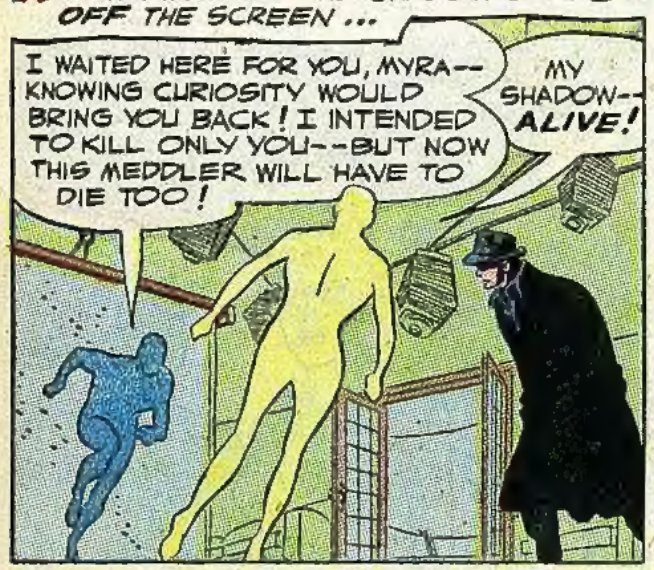
LATER, AFTER THE GUESTS HAVE LEFT, MYRA RETURNS TO THE ILLUSION ROOM ...
MY SHADOW IS STILL THERE! BUT I STILL DON'T KNOW HOW--

SUDDENLY, THE PHANTOM STRANGER INTERRUPTS HER SPOKEN THOUGHTS...
HOW IT WAS DONE, YOU WONDER? LET ME EXPLAIN..

YOU STOOD BEHIND THE SCREEN, THAT PREVIOUSLY WAS COATED WITH LUMINOUS GREEN PAINT, SUCH PAINT BEING INVISIBLE IN ORDINARY LIGHT. A LIGHT WAS FIRST PASSED THROUGH A HOLE IN THIS DISC COVERED WITH RED GELATINE ...

YOUR UNCLE THEN SWITCHED TO THE GREEN AND BLUE LIGHT, WHICH ACTIVELY AFFECTED THE PAINTED SCREEN ...

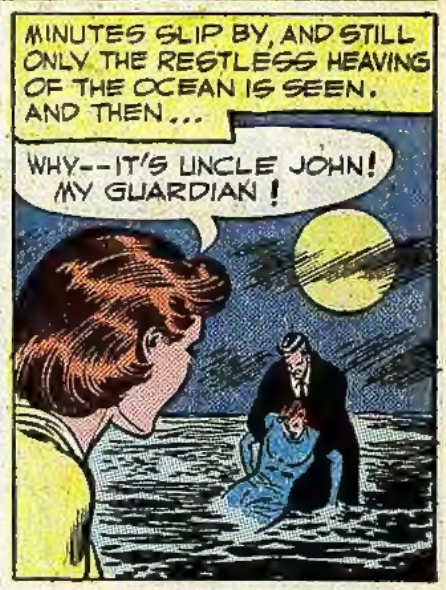
THEN ALL LIGHT WAS SHUT OFF AND THE IMPRINT OF YOUR SHADOW WAS FIXED TO THE SCREEN, AS YOU STEPPED FROM BEHIND IT!


AT THAT MOMENT THE SHADOW LEAPS OFF THE SCREEN ...
I WAITED HERE FOR YOU, MYRA-- KNOWING CURIOSITY WOULD BRING YOU BACK! I INTENDED TO KILL ONLY YOU--BUT NOW THIS MEDDLER WILL HAVE TO DIE TOO!
MY SHADOW-- ALIVE!

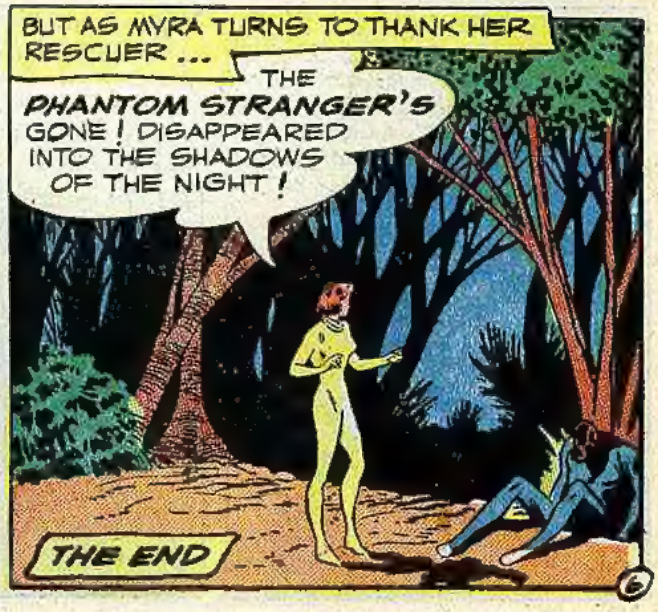
I CAME HERE TO PREVENT A MURDER--NOT FALL VICTIM TO ONE!

TWO STRUGGLING FIGURES HURTLE OUTWARD, OFF THE PATIO...

DOWN, DOWN INTO THE ICY WATERS THEY PLUNGE!


MINUTES SLIP BY, AND STILL ONLY THE RESTLESS HEAVING OF THE OCEAN IS SEEN. AND THEN...
WHY--IT'S UNCLE JOHN! MY GUARDIAN!

HE HAS BEEN YOUR GUARDIAN--AND IN CHARGE OF YOUR VAST FORTUNE--FOR SO LONG, HE REGARDED IT AS HIS OWN! TO GET IT, HE HOPED EITHER TO DRIVE YOU MAD, OR KILL YOU... I SUGGEST YOU CALL THE POLICE!


BUT AS MYRA TURNS TO THANK HER RESCUER...
THE PHANTOM STRANGER'S GONE! DISAPPEARED INTO THE SHADOWS OF THE NIGHT!
THE END

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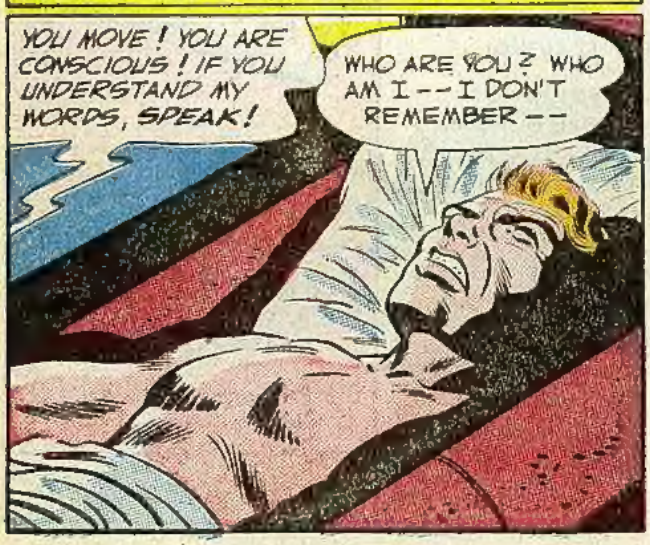
THE PHANTOM STRANGER

HE DIDN'T KNOW WHO HE WAS--OR WHERE HE CAME FROM--OR WHY HE WAS DESTINED TO SERVE AS ...

DEATH'S STRANGE DEPUTY!

TWO MEN IN A ROOM--ONE ALIVE, THE OTHER HOVERING BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH...

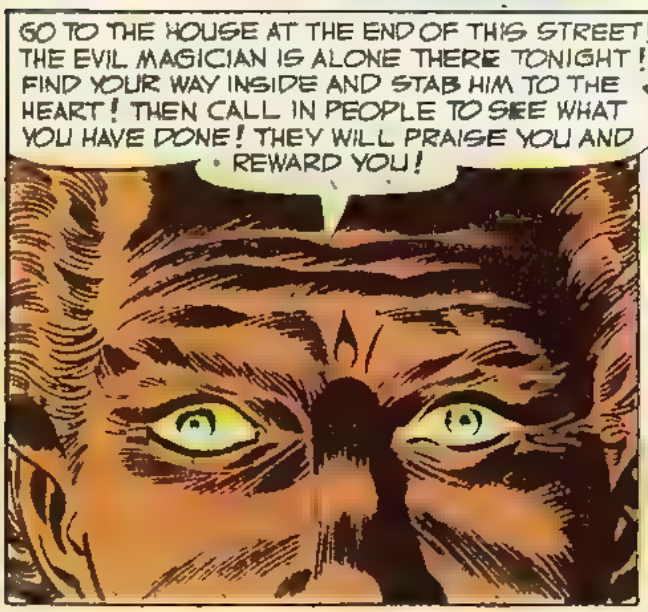


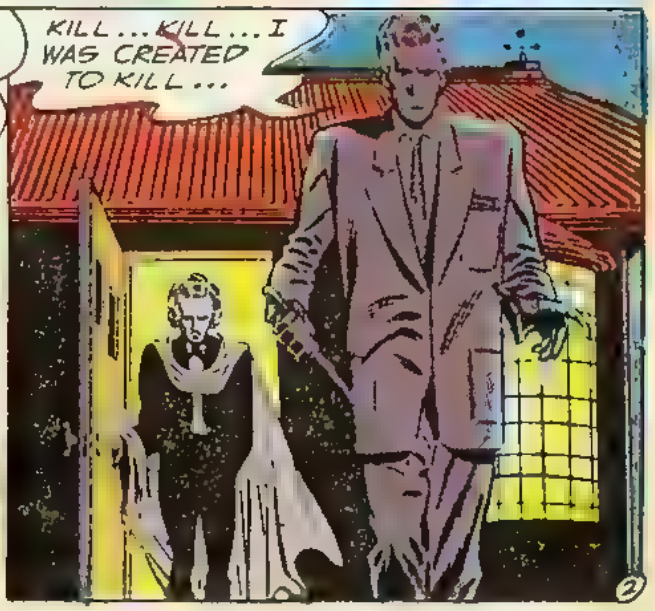
YOU CREATED ME--BY MAGIC?
YES! THE MASTER WIZARDS OF ANCIENT TIMES KNEW THINGS THAT MODERN SCIENCE DARES NOT DREAM ABOUT! NOW YOU ARE READY TO DO THE TASK FOR WHICH I BROUGHT YOU INTO THE WORLD!

LOOK AT THIS IMAGE! IT IS OF AN ENEMY OF MINE--OF YOURS--OF ALL MANKIND! HIS POWERS ARE AS STRANGE AND STRONG AS MY OWN!

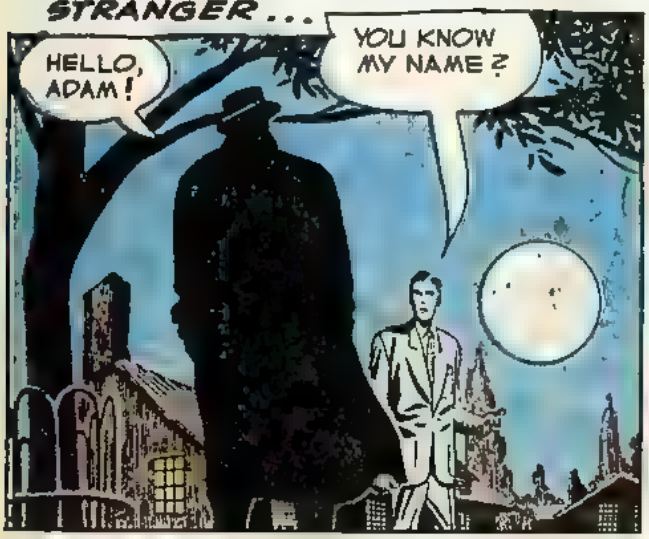
EVIL MAGIC GIVES HIM SUCH STRONG PROTECTION THAT HE CAN BE DESTROYED ONLY BY SOMEONE AS PURE AND UNTAINTED BY THE WORLD AS YOURSELF! THAT IS YOUR TASK!
BUT HOW AM I TO DESTROY HIM? I DON'T KNOW HOW TO FIGHT--HOW TO DO ANYTHING!

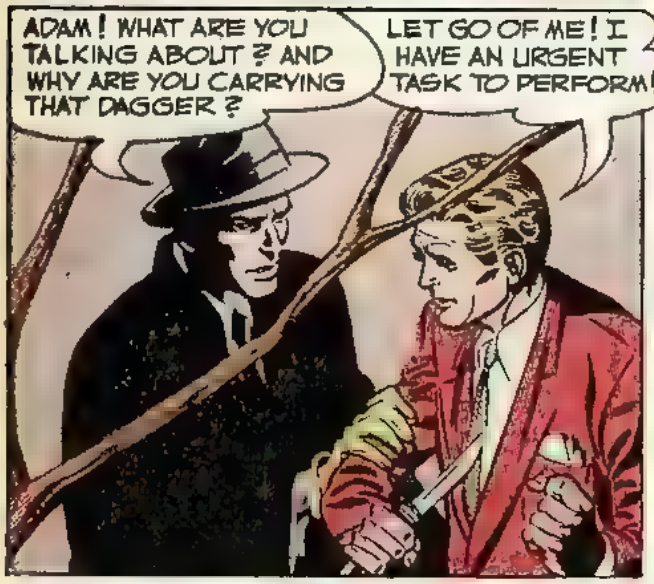
IT WILL BE EASY FOR YOU! I'LL GIVE YOU THIS DAGGER, AND YOU WILL STAB HIM IN THE HEART--HERE! THEN ALL THE WORLD WILL HONOR YOU FOR YOUR GREAT DEED!
I'LL DO AS YOU SAY! WHAT ARE MY INSTRUCTIONS?


GO TO THE HOUSE AT THE END OF THIS STREET! THE EVIL MAGICIAN IS ALONE THERE TONIGHT! FIND YOUR WAY INSIDE AND STAB HIM TO THE HEART! THEN CALL IN PEOPLE TO SEE WHAT YOU HAVE DONE! THEY WILL PRAISE YOU AND REWARD YOU!

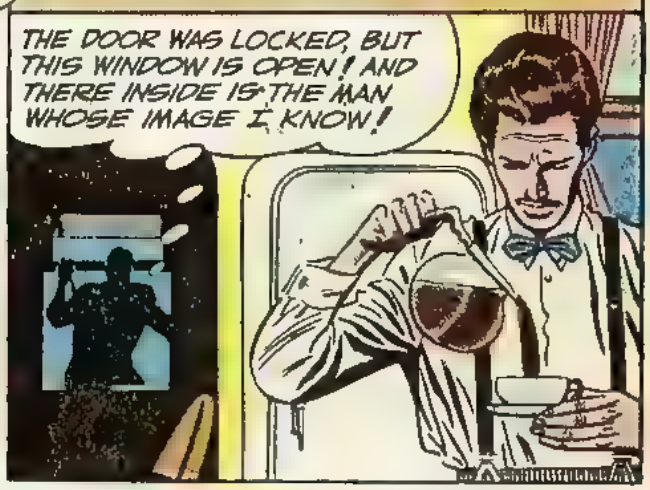

KILL...KILL...I WAS CREATED TO KILL...

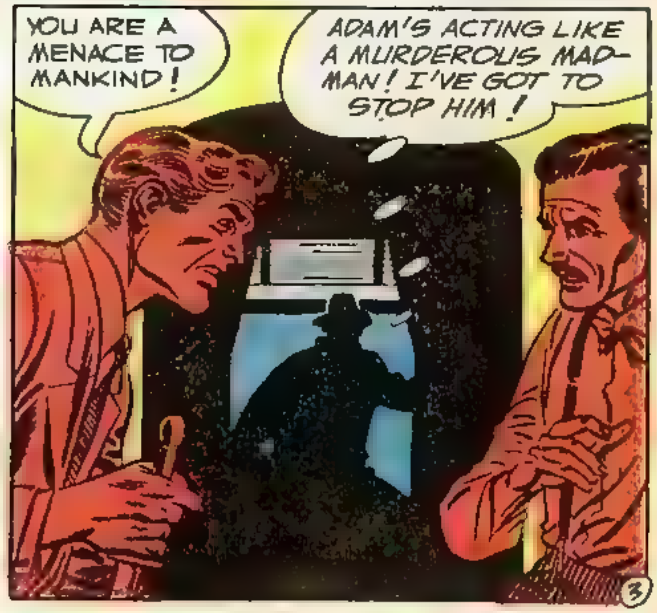
SUDDENLY, OUT OF THE DARK SHADOWS OF THE NIGHT, STEPS THE ***PHANTOM STRANGER***...

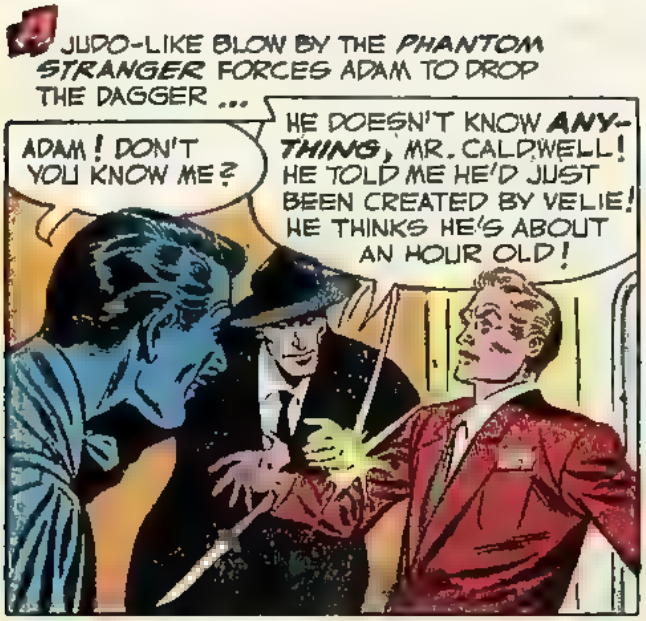




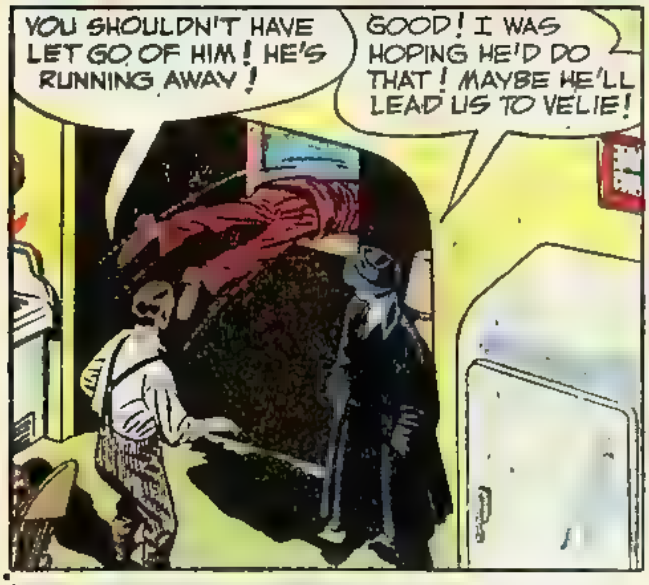
BREAKING AWAY FROM THE ***PHANTOM STRANGER***, ADAM REACHES THE HOUSE AT THE END OF THE STREET...

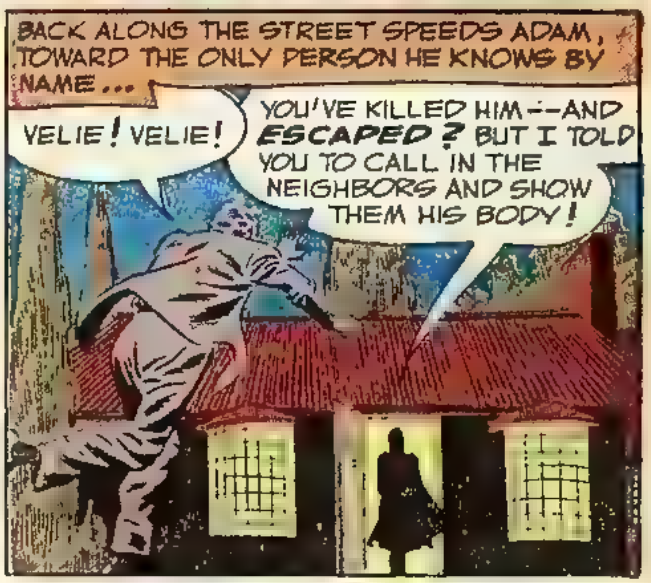





JUDO-LIKE BLOW BY THE PHANTOM STRANGER FORCES ADAM TO DROP THE DAGGER ...
ADAM! DON'T YOU KNOW ME?
HE DOESN'T KNOW ANYTHING, MR. CALDWELL! HE TOLD ME HE'D JUST BEEN CREATED BY VELIE! HE THINKS HE'S ABOUT AN HOUR OLD!

HE'S LIVING IN A NIGHTMARE! LET'S TELL HIM WHO HE--
NO--NOT JUST YET! IT MIGHT BE TOO GREAT A SHOCK!


YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE LET GO OF HIM! HE'S RUNNING AWAY!
GOOD! I WAS HOPING HE'D DO THAT! MAYBE HE'LL LEAD US TO VELIE!

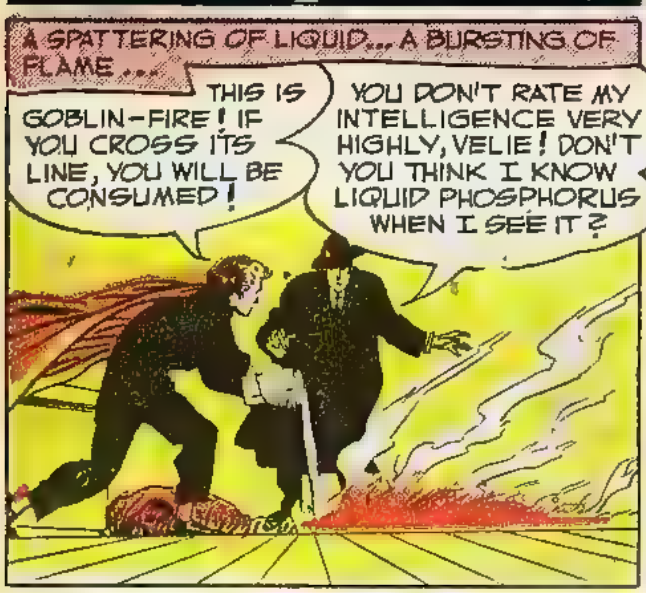

BACK ALONG THE STREET SPEEDS ADAM, TOWARD THE ONLY PERSON HE KNOWS BY NAME ...
VELIE! VELIE!
YOU'VE KILLED HIM--AND ESCAPED? BUT I TOLD YOU TO CALL IN THE NEIGHBORS AND SHOW THEM HIS BODY!

NO! I DIDN'T KILL HIM! SOMEBODY PREVENTED ME! SOMEBODY WHO CALLED ME BY MY NAME--
YOU FAILED, YOU MISERABLE WEAKLING! DO YOU THINK I GAVE YOU LIFE AND KNOWLEDGE FOR FAILURE?

YOU WERE BROUGHT TO LIFE TO KILL THAT EVIL MAN! IF YOU DO NOT DO THIS DEED, A TERRIBLE FATE WILL OVERTAKE YOU! YOU MUST GO BACK AND TRY AGAIN!

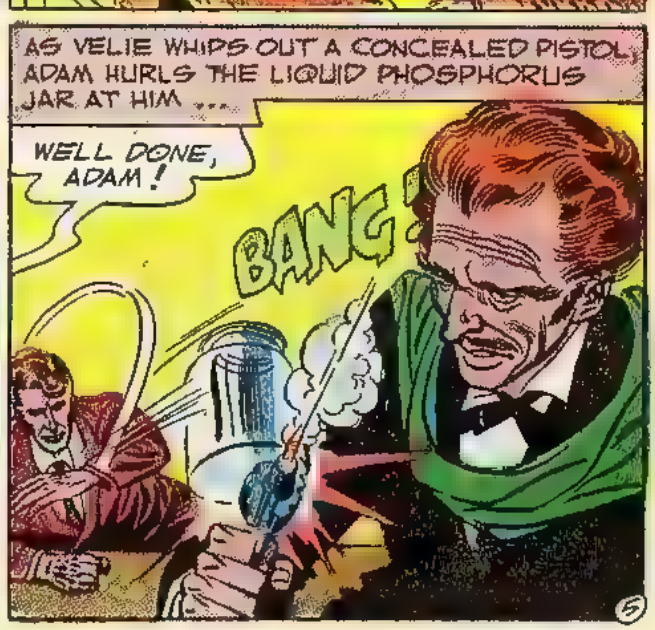
HERE, TAKE ANOTHER DAGGER! IF ANYONE TRIES TO INTERFERE IN YOUR TASK, HE IS YOUR ENEMY! KILL HIM TOO!
WHAT IS THIS, VELIE? ARE YOU RUNNING A SCHOOL FOR MURDER?

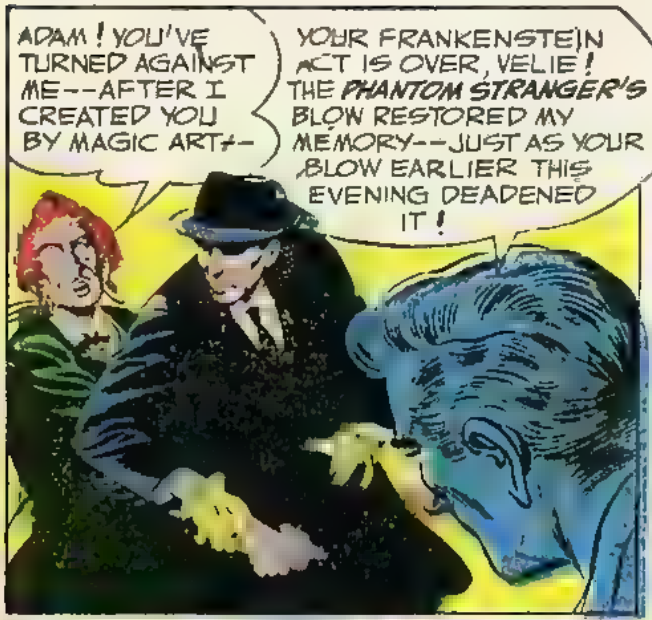
AT THE SOUND OF HIS ENEMY'S VOICE, ADAM SPRINGS AT THE PHANTOM STRANGER, BUT--
SORRY, ADAM--BUT I'VE GOT TO START SOMEWHERE TO PUT AN END TO THIS VIOLENCE!
YOU MEDDLER--I'LL BRING MY ENCHANTMENTS DOWN UPON YOU!

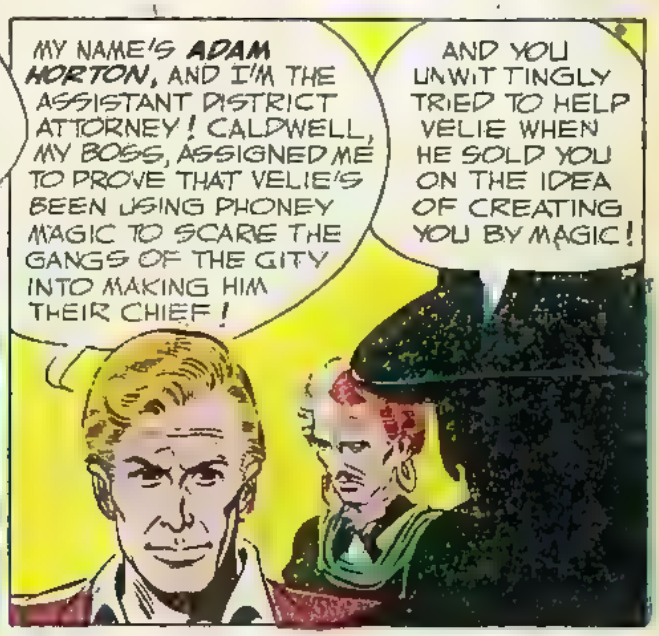

A SPATTERING OF LIQUID... A BURSTING OF FLAME...
THIS IS GOBLIN-FIRE! IF YOU CROSS ITS LINE, YOU WILL BE CONSUMED!
YOU DON'T RATE MY INTELLIGENCE VERY HIGHLY, VELIE! DON'T YOU THINK I KNOW LIQUID PHOSPHORUS WHEN I SEE IT?

I KNOW ADAM, AND I KNOW THE MAN YOU SENT HIM TO KILL! WHAT I WANT TO KNOW NOW IS WHY YOU WANT THEM BOTH DESTROYED!
THAT'S ONE THING YOU'LL NEVER FIND OUT!

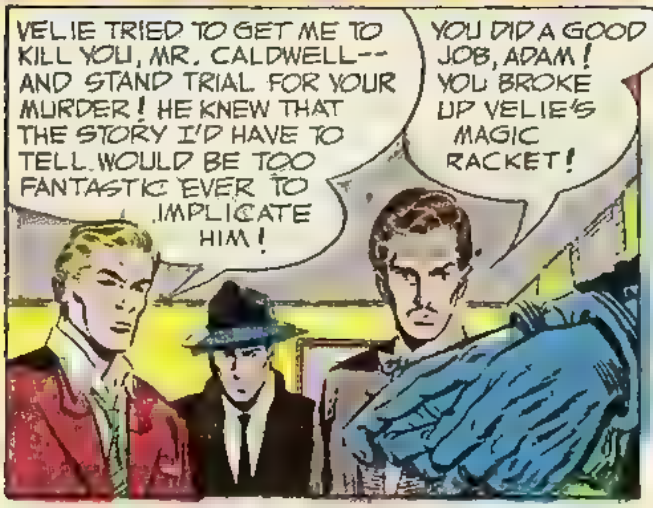
I HAVE A WAY OF MAKING PEOPLE TALK!
TRY IT--AND IT'S THE LAST THING YOU'LL EVER DO!

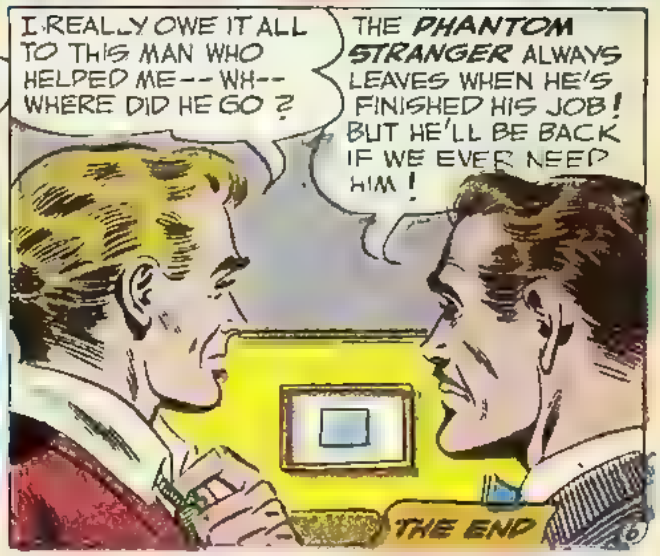

AS VELIE WHIPS OUT A CONCEALED PISTOL, ADAM HURLS THE LIQUID PHOSPHORUS JAR AT HIM...
WELL DONE, ADAM!
BANG!





WHEN DISTRICT ATTORNEY CALDWELL ARRIVES..





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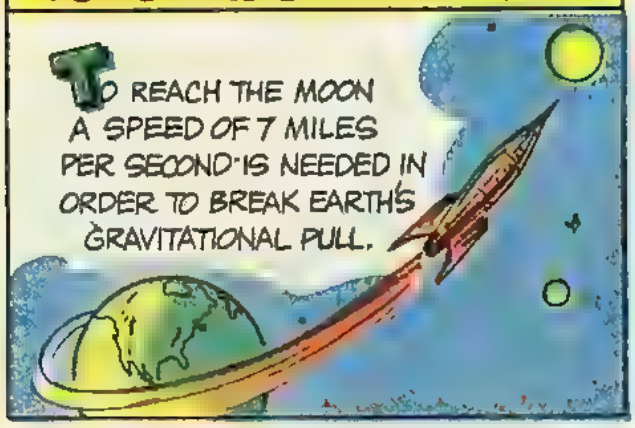
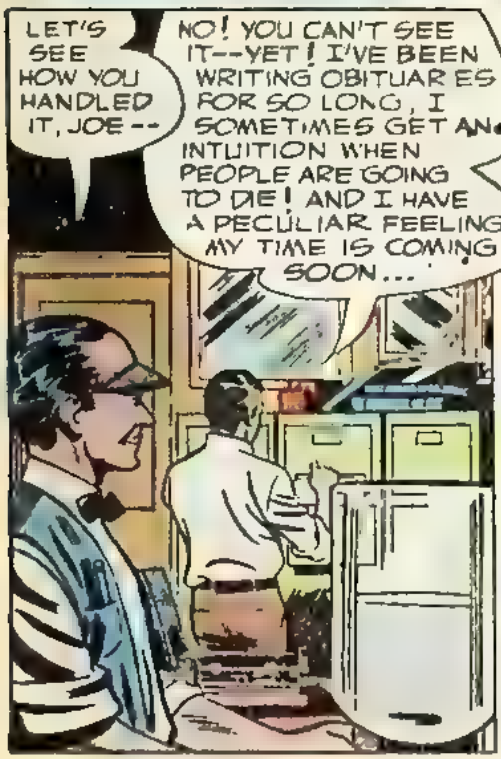


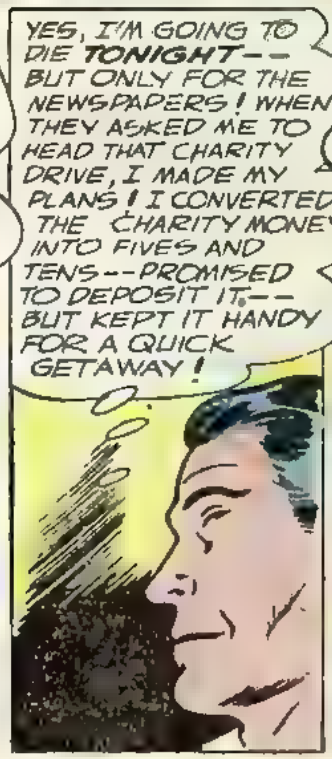
DEATH WRITES AN OBITUARY!

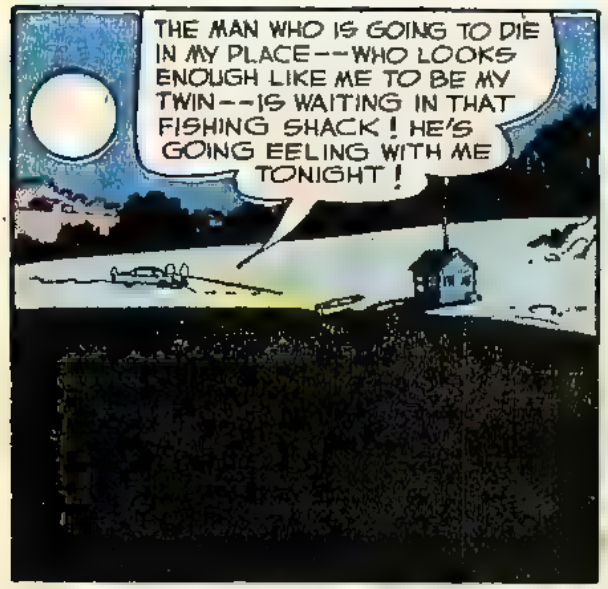
JOE KENNEDY DARINGLY FORECAST HIS OWN DEATH-- AND THEN TRIED TO PREVENT IT FROM COMING TRUE!

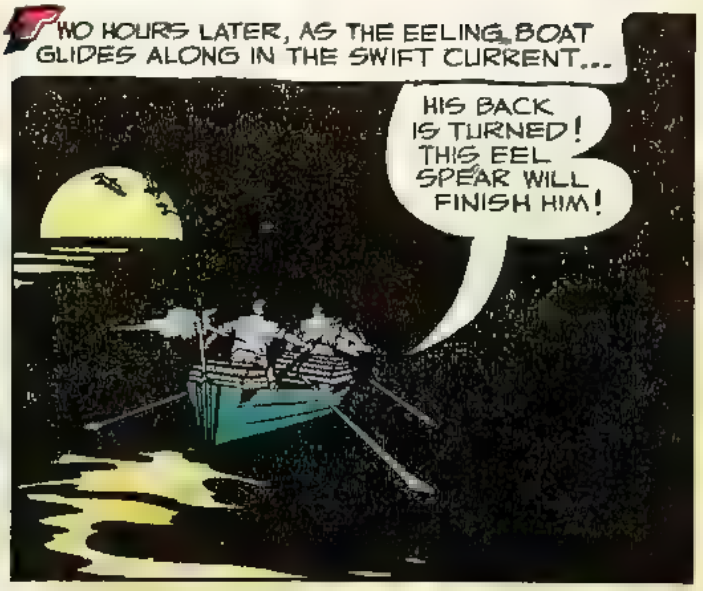
WHAT ARE YOU SO BUSY WRITING, JOE?

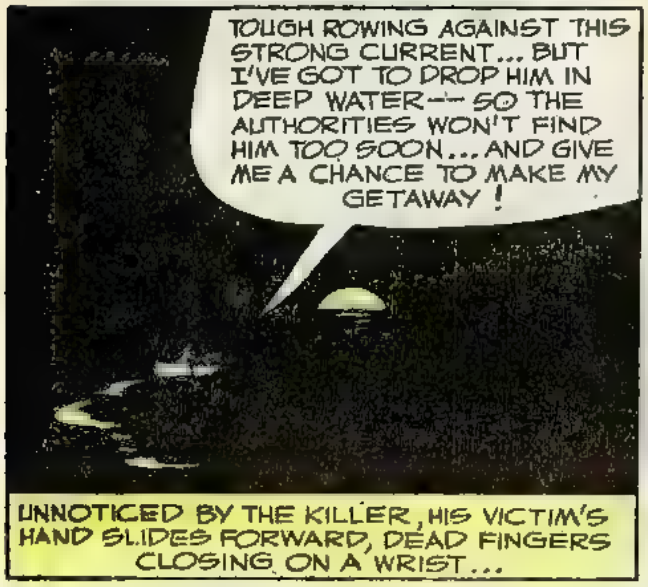
MY OBITUARY! SO THE NEWSPAPER CAN HAVE IT ON FILE WHEN I DIE!





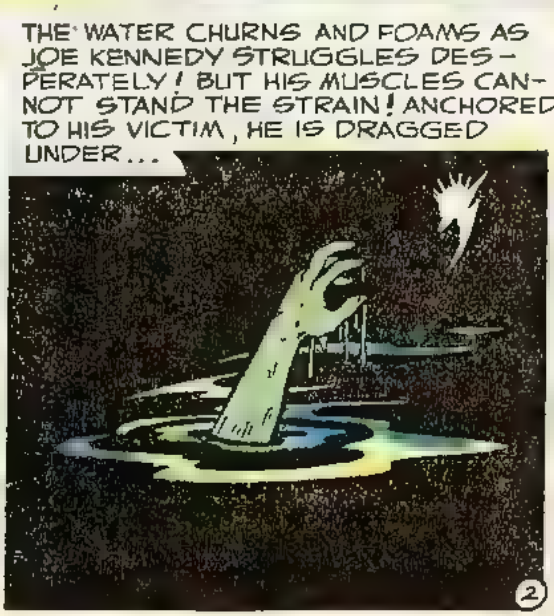

THE MAN WHO IS GOING TO DIE IN MY PLACE--WHO LOOKS ENOUGH LIKE ME TO BE MY TWIN--IS WAITING IN THAT FISHING SHACK! HE'S GOING EELING WITH ME TONIGHT!

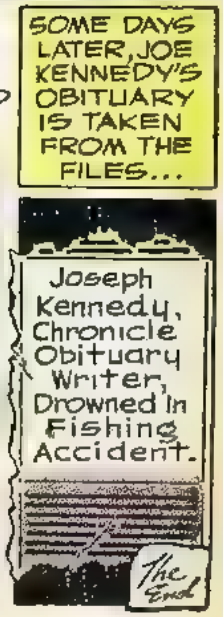

TWO HOURS LATER, AS THE EELING BOAT GLIDES ALONG IN THE SWIFT CURRENT...
HIS BACK IS TURNED! THIS EEL SPEAR WILL FINISH HIM!


TOUGH ROWING AGAINST THIS STRONG CURRENT... BUT I'VE GOT TO DROP HIM IN DEEP WATER-- SO THE AUTHORITIES WON'T FIND HIM TOO SOON... AND GIVE ME A CHANCE TO MAKE MY GETAWAY!
UNNOTICED BY THE KILLER, HIS VICTIM'S HAND SLIDES FORWARD, DEAD FINGERS CLOSING ON A WRIST...

AS HE FLINGS THE DEAD MAN OVERBOARD, THE OBITUARY MAN CRIES OUT IN STARK TERROR!..
HIS HAND-- LOCKED AROUND MY WRIST... RIGOR MORTIS! CAN'T LOOSEN IT! HIS DEAD WEIGHT IS DRAGGING ME OVER THE SIDE...

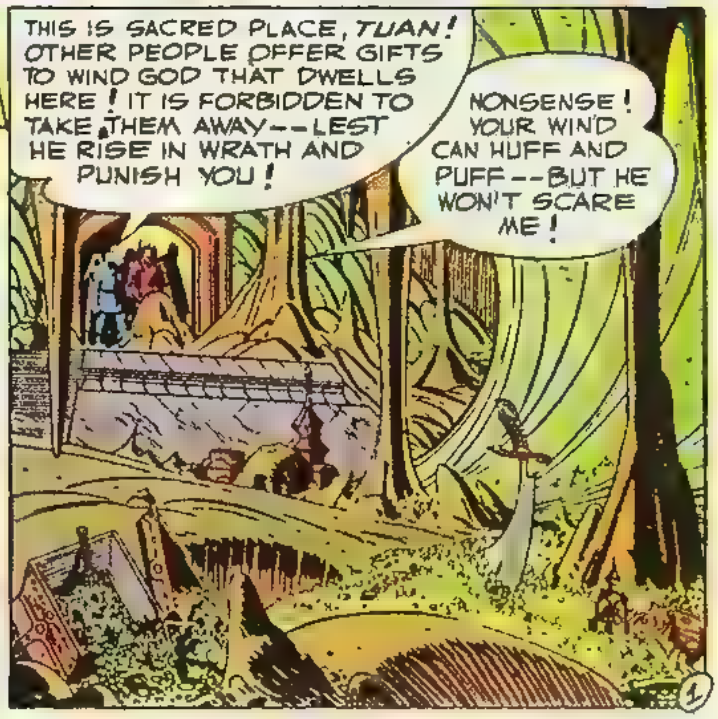
STRONG CURRENT IS... SWEEPING THE BOAT AWAY FROM ME... AND HIS WEIGHT, LOCKED ONTO MY WRIST... IS DRAGGING ME... DOWN... DOWN INTO THE WATER WITH HIM..!

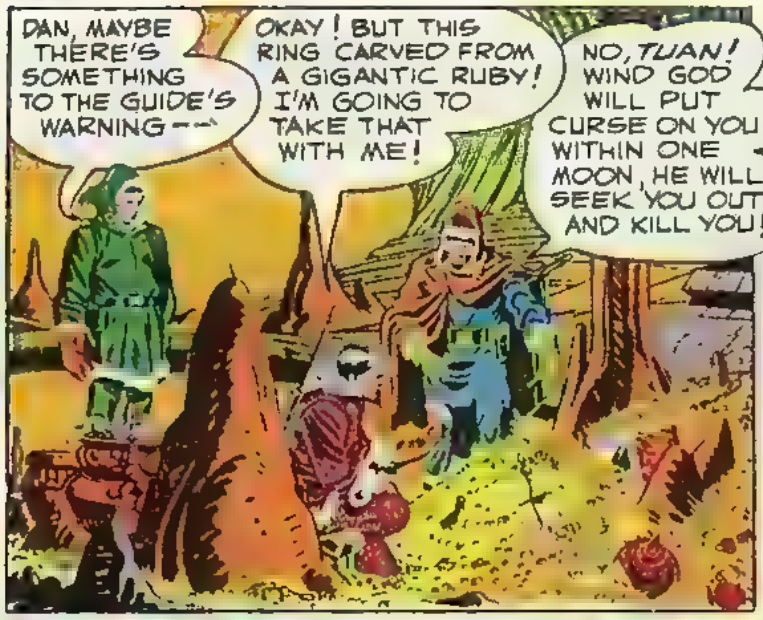

THE WATER CHURNS AND FOAMS AS JOE KENNEDY STRUGGLES DESPERATELY! BUT HIS MUSCLES CANNOT STAND THE STRAIN! ANCHORED TO HIS VICTIM, HE IS DRAGGED UNDER...


SOME DAYS LATER, JOE KENNEDY'S OBITUARY IS TAKEN FROM THE FILES...
Joseph Kennedy, Chronicle Obituary Writer, Drowned in Fishing Accident.
The End

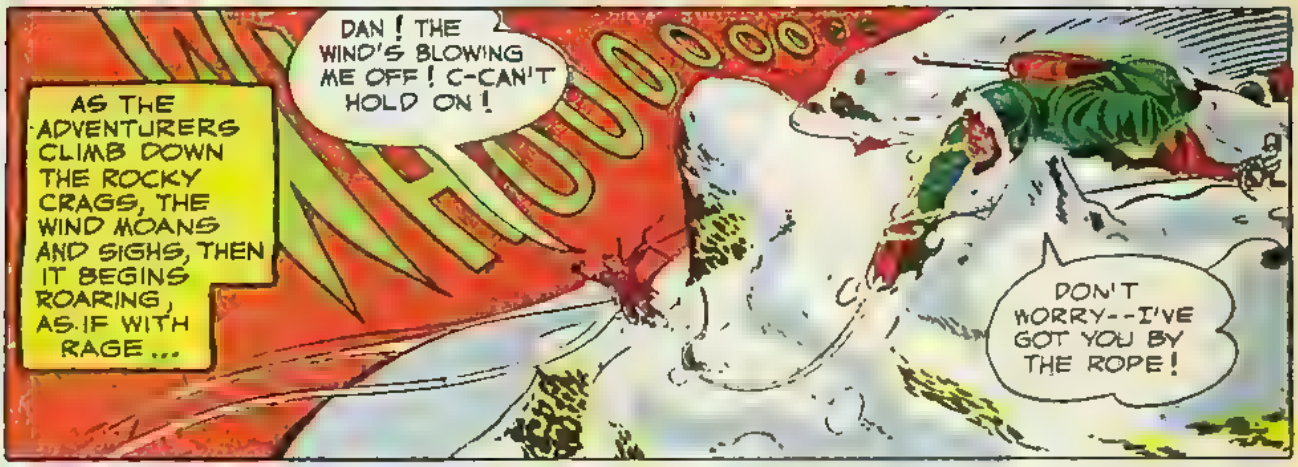
ON LAND, ON SEA, IN THE AIR--NO MATTER WHERE HE FLED--HE COULDN'T ESCAPE THE VENGEANCE OF--

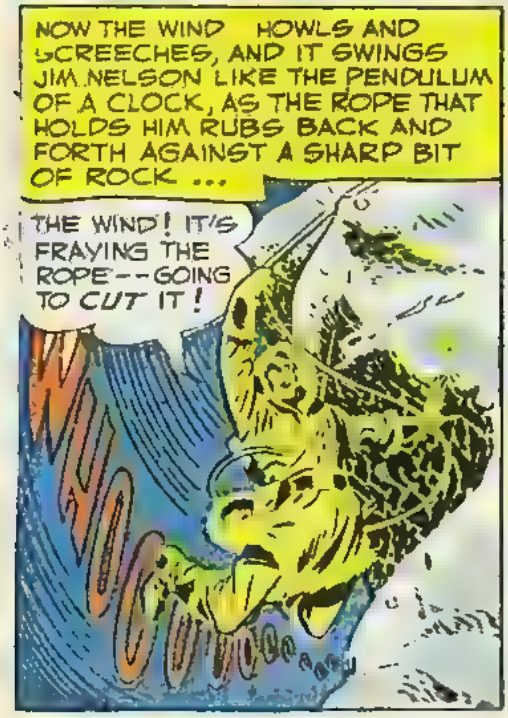
THE HAUNTING WIND!




DAN, MAYBE THERE'S SOMETHING TO THE GUIDE'S WARNING---
OKAY! BUT THIS RING CARVED FROM A GIGANTIC RUBY! I'M GOING TO TAKE THAT WITH ME!
NO, TUAN! WIND GOD WILL PUT CURSE ON YOU! WITHIN ONE MOON, HE WILL SEEK YOU OUT AND KILL YOU!

YOU HEAR THAT? A CURSE! IN THIS DAY AND AGE! HA, HA!
IT IS TRUE! YOU WILL SEE!


AS THE ADVENTURERS CLIMB DOWN THE ROCKY CRAGS, THE WIND MOANS AND SIGHS, THEN IT BEGINS ROARING, AS IF WITH RAGE...
DAN! THE WIND'S BLOWING ME OFF! C-CAN'T HOLD ON!
DON'T WORRY--I'VE GOT YOU BY THE ROPE!


NOW THE WIND HOWLS AND SCREECHES, AND IT SWINGS JIM NELSON LIKE THE PENDULUM OF A CLOCK, AS THE ROPE THAT HOLDS HIM RUBS BACK AND FORTH AGAINST A SHARP BIT OF ROCK...
THE WIND! IT'S FRAYING THE ROPE--GOING TO CUT IT!
WHOO

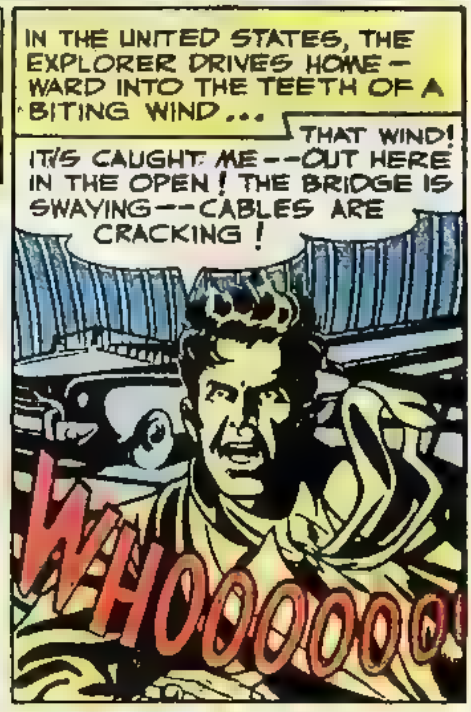
WHOO
AIIIEEEEE!

IT'S ALMOST AS IF THE WIND KILLED HIM! BUT NO! MAYBE THE ROPE WAS OLD! SURE--IT WAS JUST AN ACCIDENT!

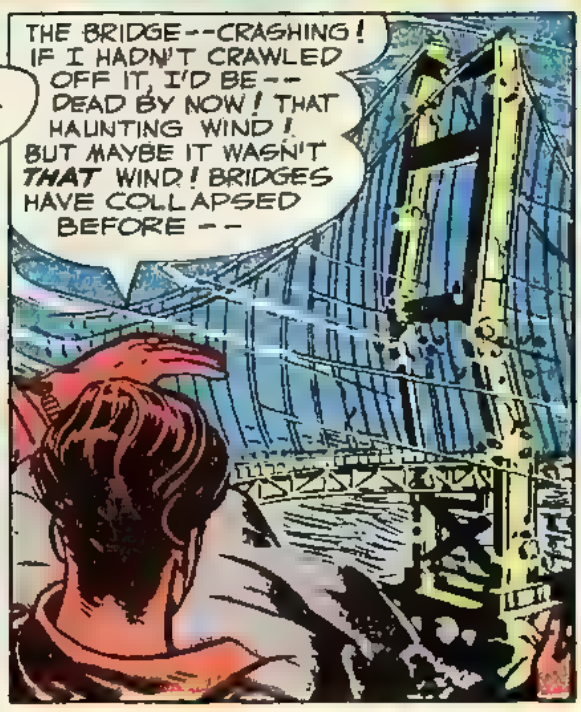
FROM TIBET, DAN RUSSELL TRAVELS SOUTH TO CALCUTTA, WHERE HE CATCHES THE FIRST TRAMP STEAMER BOUND FOR THE UNITED STATES. FIVE DAYS OUT OF PORT, THE WIND RISES TO A SMASHING HURRICANE AND BUFFETS THE OLD STEAMER ...
WHOOOOOOOOOOO

SWEPT OVERBOARD! MY GUIDE WOULD SAY IT WAS THAT WIND AGAIN! BUT BLAMING IT ON AN AVENGING WIND IS RIDICULOUS!
WHOOOOOO

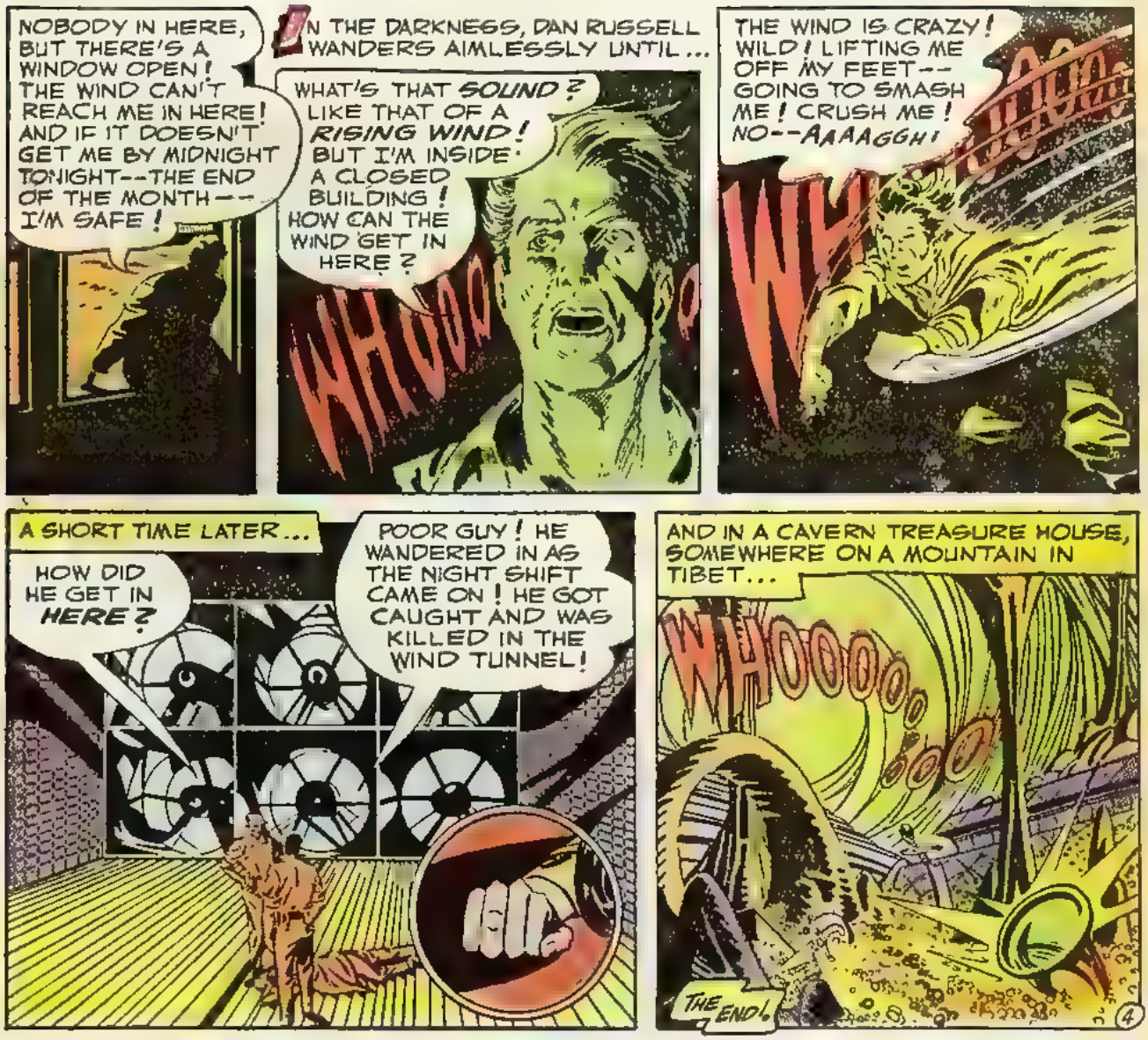
THE NEXT DAY, DAN IS PICKED UP BY A PASSING FREIGHTER. FROM HAWAII HE FLIES ACROSS THE PACIFIC, HIS PLANE BEING TOSSED BY HIGH VELOCITY WINDS ALL THE WAY...
I'VE NEVER BEEN IN A WIND AS STRONG AS THIS ONE!
I HAVE!


IN THE UNITED STATES, THE EXPLORER DRIVES HOMEWARD INTO THE TEETH OF A BITING WIND...
THAT WIND! IT'S CAUGHT ME--OUT HERE IN THE OPEN! THE BRIDGE IS SWAYING--CABLES ARE CRACKING!
WHOOOOOO

GOT TO--REACH OTHER SIDE! IF I LOOSEN MY GRIP ON THESE CABLES-- THE WIND'LL PICK ME UP-- CRUSH ME AGAINST THE BRIDGE --
WHOOOOOOO


THE BRIDGE--CRASHING! IF I HADN'T CRAWLED OFF IT, I'D BE-- DEAD BY NOW! THAT HAUNTING WIND! BUT MAYBE IT WASN'T THAT WIND! BRIDGES HAVE COLLAPSED BEFORE --

THERE'S A BUILDING! IF I GET INSIDE--THE WIND CAN'T TOUCH ME!



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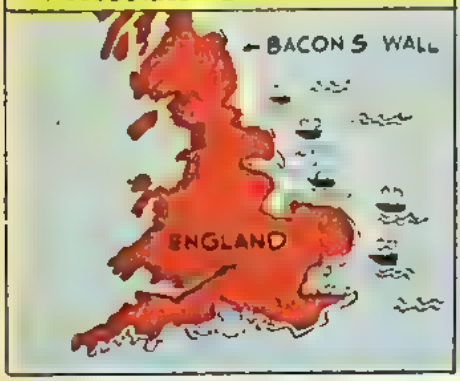
DON'T FLUNK the Finger-Nail Test! Don't let dry, unruly hair and loose, ugly dandruff spoil your looks! Keep your hair neat and natural all day long with Wildroot Cream-Oil

AMERICA'S FAVORITE

The TALKING HEAD!

IN THE 13TH CENTURY, THE ENGLISH SCHOLAR AND SCIENTIST, ROGER BACON, CONCEIVED THE IDEA OF ENCLOSING ENGLAND WITH A WALL, MAKING THE COUNTRY INACCESSIBLE TO ANY INVADER...

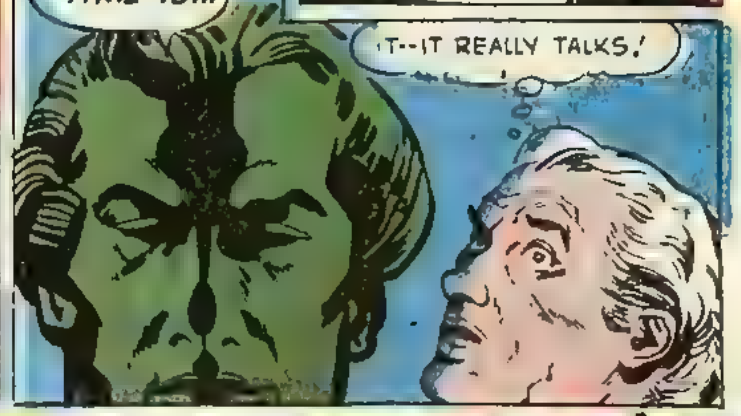


WONDERING HOW TO GO ABOUT BUILDING SUCH AN INVULNERABLE FORTRESS, BACON HAD A VISION...

FOR SEVEN LONG YEARS, BACON TOILED OVER THE HEAD. THERE WAS NOTHING TO DO NOW BUT WAIT FOR IT TO SPEAK...

AT LAST, EXHAUSTED BY HIS VIGIL, BACON SUMMONED HIS SERVANT...

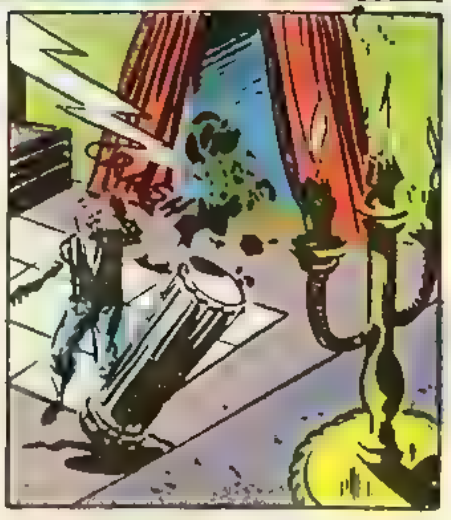
SOON AFTER, THE HEAD UTTERED ITS FIRST WORD...

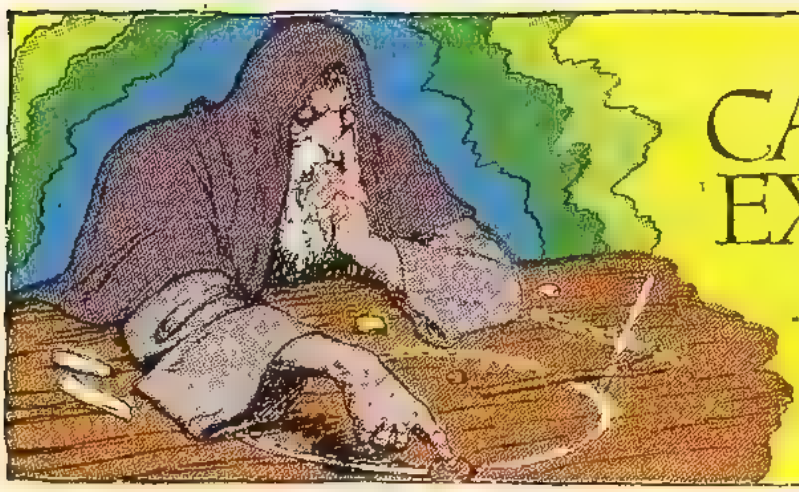


TOO STARTLED TO MOVE, THE SERVANT HEARD THE HEAD'S WORDS DRONE ON...

THE MOMENT THE LAST WORD WAS SPOKEN, A TREMENDOUS STORM AROSE AND A BOLT OF LIGHTNING SHATTERED THE HEAD INTO A THOUSAND PIECES...

THUS CAME TO A DISASTROUS END BACON'S ILL-FATED EXPERIMENT!





CAN YOU EXPLAIN IT?

STRANGE, inexplicable events continue to occur; amazing coincidences keep happening, and the argument still rages: Is some unseen power directing them, or are they just—well, coincidences? We're neutral. All we're willing to do is report them—and you can make up your own mind.

For instance, the story is told of the flying field at Westover Field, Mass., where the officer in charge proudly announced that 2,572 flights had left the field without a single accident. But soon afterwards, an Army plane, en route to Westover Field, crashed in Labrador, killing 23 men. Would you like to know the plane's number? It was—2,572.

This one is related about a statesman whose name is known to all. One day in 1915, a British major arrived on the Western front in France.

Scorning the comparative safety of battalion headquarters, the major installed himself in a sand-bagged trench to get a clearer picture of the military situation.

Then, one morning, as he was engaged in writing a few letters home, an orderly appeared and announced that he had a message from the commanding general. The major learned, with annoyance, that he was summoned to a behind-the-lines meeting.

The Major sighed, packed his kit and slogged his way through the mud and slush to the appointed rendezvous. But once there, he learned to his dismay that a mix-up would prevent the general from seeing him after all.

The Major stared at the officer who spoke to him. "What," he demanded to know, "did the General want anyway?"

"Nothing in particular, Sir," replied the officer. "He had heard a great deal about you, and just wanted to meet you!"

The Major swallowed hard. Typical of the top brass, he muttered. But the Major was a philosophical man, chalked the experience up to general army inefficiency, and began the long trudge back to his trench.

But he was only a few feet away from where his trench had been, when he stopped short. The trench was no longer there—just a big, empty hole.

An orderly shuffled to his side, and reported. "It happened just five minutes after you'd left, Sir—a shell—made a direct hit—right through the roof." The Major, with his usual calm and fortitude, shrugged. "Good show," he muttered, and sent up a silent prayer of thanks.

The Major's name? Winston Churchill!

Here is another twister. In a small French village, Abbeville, a young girl of 12 de-

veloped a remarkable facility. The little girl, by name, Annette Frelon, could reply to any question by having the answer appear in bold red letters upon the skin of her arms, legs and shoulders.

Renowned scientists examined her and investigated, but they all agreed on only one thing—they couldn't understand it. When little Annette was asked to explain it, she remarked that she did it by will power. What do you think?

Or consider the case of Rollo Primardo, 27, who was killed last October by a lightning bolt.

Nothing mysterious about this, you say—many people are killed by lightning bolts. True enough, but in Rollo's case, he happened to be the third of his family to die that way. His father was killed by a bolt 20 years before, and 50 years before, his grandfather was killed by lightning. And, oh, yes—all three were killed on the same plot of ground.

But if you're looking for some real mystery, the place to go is Austria. A recent dispatch reveals that Austrian peasants in the Styrian Hills along the Austro-Yugoslav frontier still believe in witches, and employ strange and weird rites to drive the evil spirits from their bodies.

A young woman in the village of Dedenitz was actually tried after she publicly accused her next-door neighbors of using sorcerers to dry up the village cattle and the hogs and calves to lose their appetites.

Maria told the village police and later repeated her charges in court, that her neighbors had enticed away her prize sow with a bucket full of bewitched ashes, and that when the pig returned, the bristles on its back were burned off.

Maria's claims didn't end there. She further charged that when the Mayor of Dedenitz visited the neighbors, he found the lady of the house at a table on which she had placed two burning candles and a large book. The woman, Maria said, kept muttering magic phrases, whereupon the coins in the mayor's pocket leaped out and fell to the floor.

During Maria's trials in Graz, a number of villagers appeared to testify in her behalf. They declared under oath that so frightened had they become that they had been forced to march on the house of the witches, and throw cold water at them in the hope of driving their evil spirits away.

Maria was acquitted twice on the grounds that while it was doubted that Dedenitz was any more bewitched than any other European city, Maria had only accused her neighbors of what she firmly believed, and that her intentions were honorable.

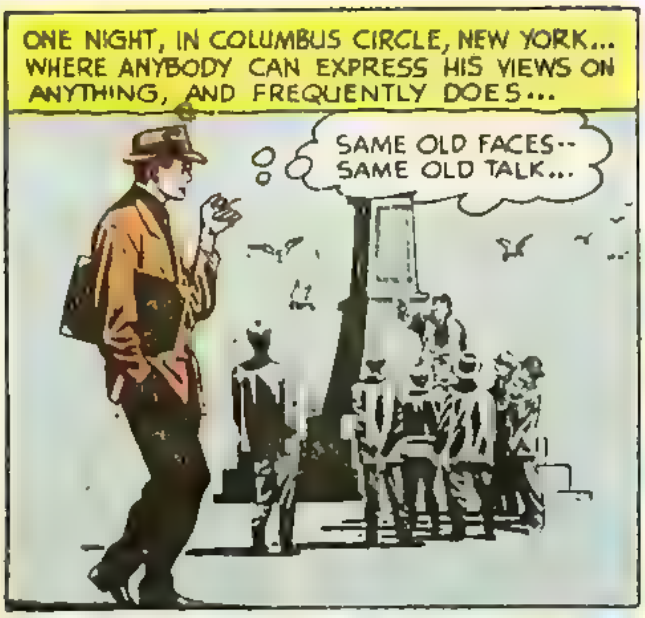
The belief in ghosts in this area is so strong that recently when a family of farmers heard a noise at the window and beheld a white figure, they gathered their children and fell on their knees in terror.

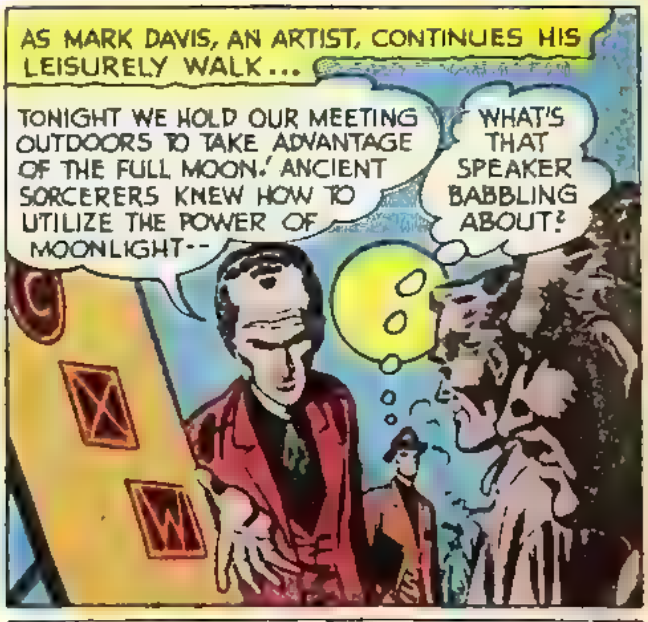
Only later did they learn that the white-figured girl at the window was wrapped in a large towel, her clothing having been stolen while she was swimming.

But it isn't the rare case that comes up with a ready answer that stirs the imagination. The solemn judges in and about the village of Dedenitz used all of their argumentative powers in trying to calm the troubled spirits of the citizenry—but in vain. A sufficient number of inexplicable events had occurred to plant the suspicion of witches at work, and nothing could shake the superstition.

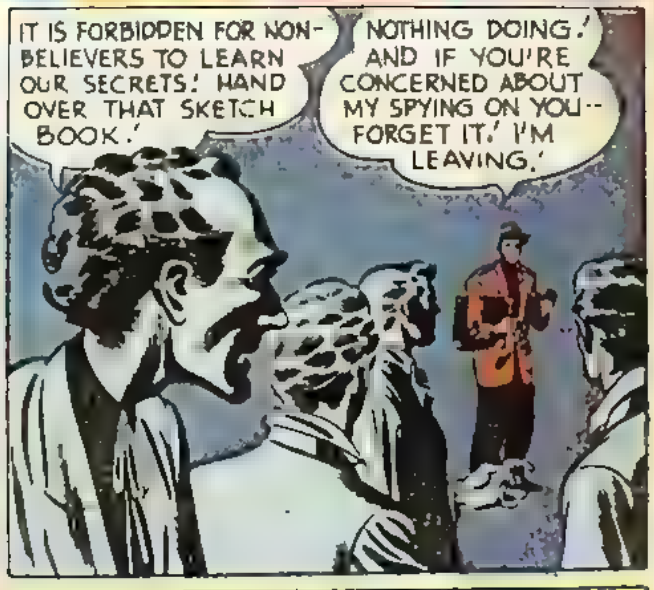
HERE'S EXPLOSIVE ADVENTURE IN
2 MORE GREAT MAGAZINES!
BLAZING ACTION IN HAND TO HAND COMBAT!
ALL AMERICAN MEN of WAR
YOU'LL THRILL TO TRIGGER-FAST ACTION WITH AMERICA'S HARD-BITTEN FIGHTING MEN AS THEY BLAST THEIR WAY ACROSS FAR-FLUNG BATTLE FRONTS FOR THE STARS AND STRIPES!
EXPLOSIVE BATTLE ACTION!
OUR ARMY AT WAR
THIS IS THE PROOF! IT'S EITHER HIM OR ME!
ON SALE Everywhere!
SUPERMAN DC NATIONAL COMICS
BE SURE TO GET YOUR COPY EARLY!

THE PHANTOM STRANGER
THE NEXT TIME YOU TAKE A WALK ON THE NIGHT OF THE FULL MOON--KEEP A SHARP LOOKOUT... AND THEN START RUNNING IF YOU SEE...
"THE THREE SIGNS OF EVIL!"


ONE NIGHT, IN COLUMBUS CIRCLE, NEW YORK... WHERE ANYBODY CAN EXPRESS HIS VIEWS ON ANYTHING, AND FREQUENTLY DOES...
SAME OLD FACES-- SAME OLD TALK...


AS MARK DAVIS, AN ARTIST, CONTINUES HIS LEISURELY WALK...
TONIGHT WE HOLD OUR MEETING OUTDOORS TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THE FULL MOON.' ANCIENT SORCERERS KNEW HOW TO UTILIZE THE POWER OF MOONLIGHT--
WHAT'S THAT SPEAKER BABBLING ABOUT?

IT GIVES ME AN IDEA FOR MY NEXT PAINTING-- MOONLIGHT MADNESS.' I'LL MAKE SOME ROUGH SKETCHES--STARTING WITH THOSE CURIOUS FIGURES ON THE PLACARD--
WAIT.' THERE IS AN ENEMY AMONG US-- COPYING OUR SYMBOLS.'

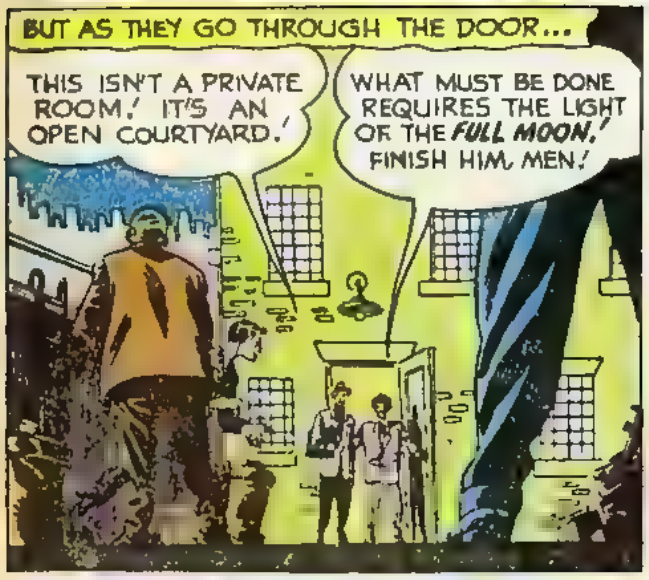

IT IS FORBIDDEN FOR NON-BELIEVERS TO LEARN OUR SECRETS.' HAND OVER THAT SKETCH BOOK.'
NOTHING DOING.' AND IF YOU'RE CONCERNED ABOUT MY SPYING ON YOU-- FORGET IT.' I'M LEAVING.'

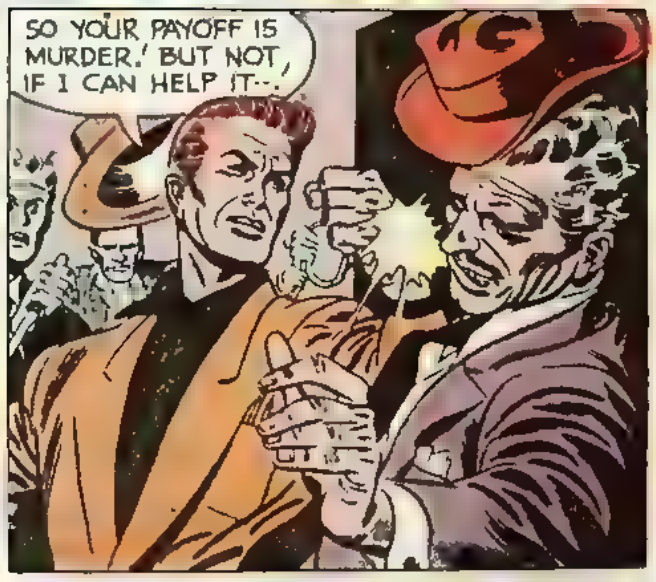
AS MARK HEADS DOWN BROADWAY...
NO.' IF HE SUSPECTS HE'S BEING FOLLOWED, HE'LL CALL THE POLICE.' WE'LL TELEPHONE THE SECOND GROUP TO MEET HIM AT OUR NEXT POSITION.

THEN, AS MARK PAUSES AT TIMES SQUARE...
YOU HAVE A MOST INTERESTING SKETCH THERE, YOUNG MAN.' I'D LIKE TO BUY IT FROM YOU.'
BUY IT? THOSE ARE THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WORDS AN ARTIST EVER HEARS.'

BUT THIS IS ONLY A ROUGH SKETCH! IT CAN'T BE WORTH ANYTHING --
PLEASE LET ME BE THE JUDGE OF THAT! LET'S GO SOMEPLACE AND DISCUSS IT!

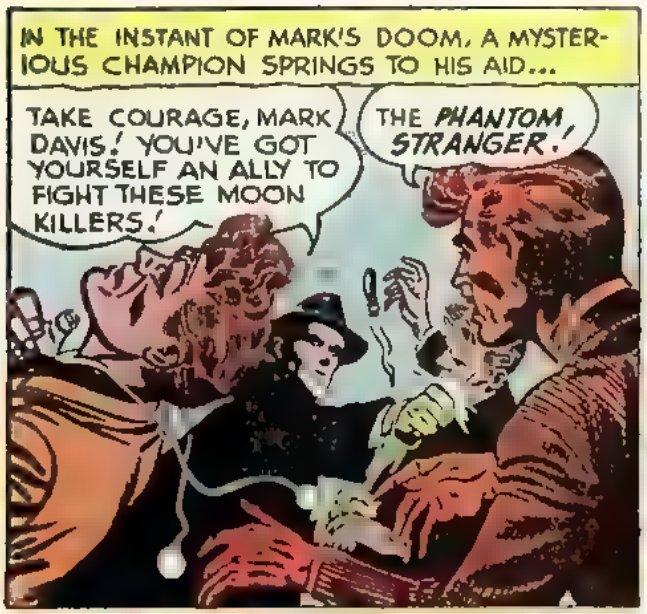
IN A SIDESTREET RESTAURANT, WHERE THE PROSPECTIVE BUYER HAS LED THE ARTIST...
IS THIS THE SORT OF PLACE YOU LIKE FOR TALKING BUSINESS?
NEVER MIND ITS SHABBY LOOK! WE'LL STEP INTO THIS PRIVATE ROOM AT THE REAR!

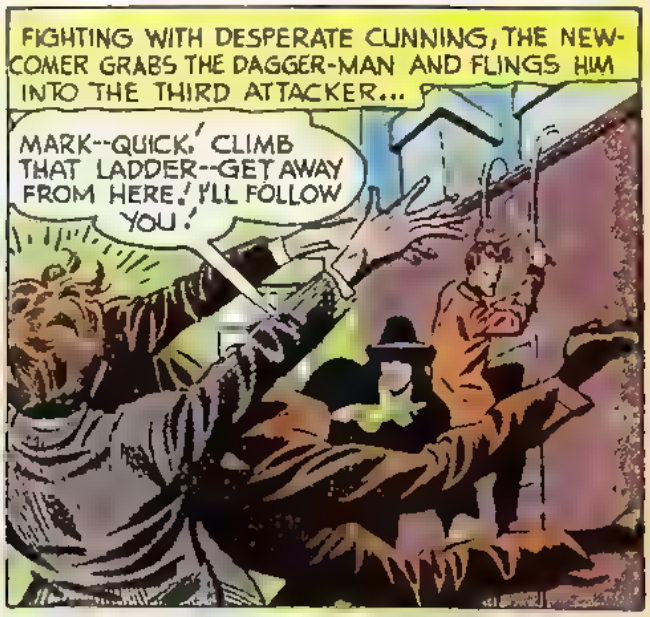

BUT AS THEY GO THROUGH THE DOOR...
THIS ISN'T A PRIVATE ROOM! IT'S AN OPEN COURTYARD!
WHAT MUST BE DONE REQUIRES THE LIGHT OF THE FULL MOON! FINISH HIM, MEN!


SO YOUR PAYOFF IS MURDER! BUT NOT, IF I CAN HELP IT--

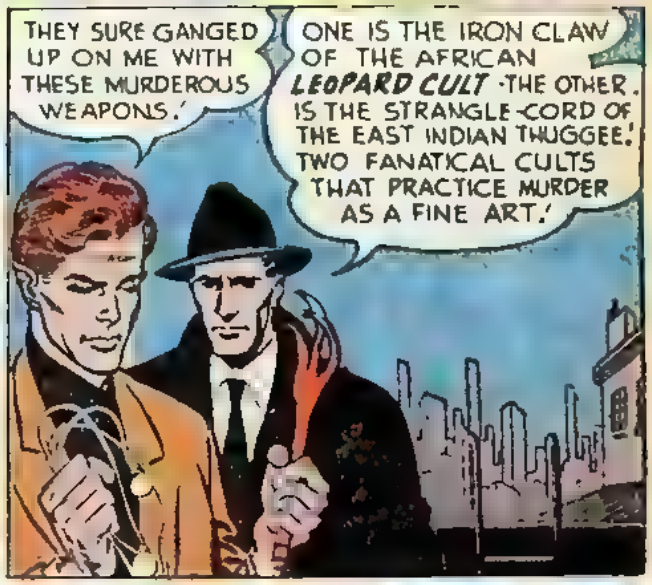
MARK FENDS OFF ONE ATTACK...

BUT FALLS VICTIM TO ANOTHER!...
I'VE GOT HIM! HIS BREATH IS SHUT OFF-- HE'S FINISHED!
I'LL MAKE DOUBLY SURE OF HIM WITH THIS DAGGER!

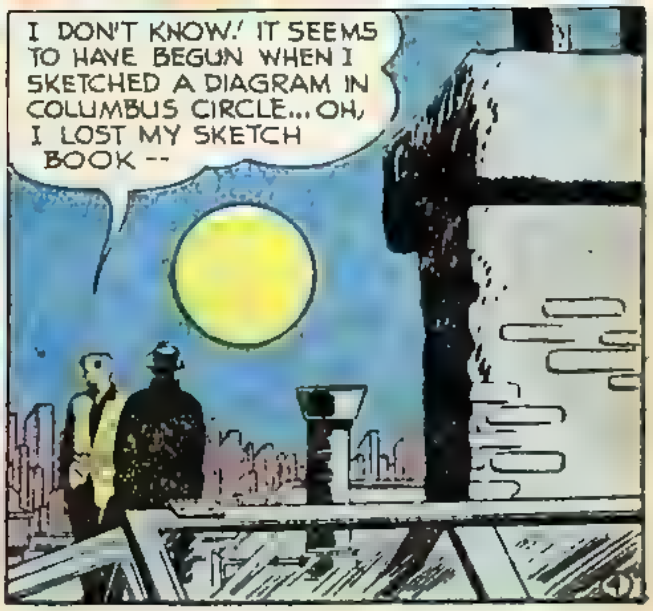

IN THE INSTANT OF MARK'S DOOM, A MYSTERIOUS CHAMPION SPRINGS TO HIS AID...
TAKE COURAGE, MARK DAVIS! YOU'VE GOT YOURSELF AN ALLY TO FIGHT THESE MOON KILLERS!
THE PHANTOM STRANGER!


FIGHTING WITH DESPERATE CUNNING, THE NEWCOMER GRABS THE DAGGER-MAN AND FLINGS HIM INTO THE THIRD ATTACKER...
MARK--QUICK! CLIMB THAT LADDER--GET AWAY FROM HERE! I'LL FOLLOW YOU!

STILL GROGGY, MARK DAVIS GAINS THE ROOFTOP ABOVE... TO BE JOINED SOON AFTER BY THE PHANTOM STRANGER...
RELAX, MARK! THE THREAT'S OVER!
WHEW! I THOUGHT I WAS A GONER--TILL YOU SHOWED UP!

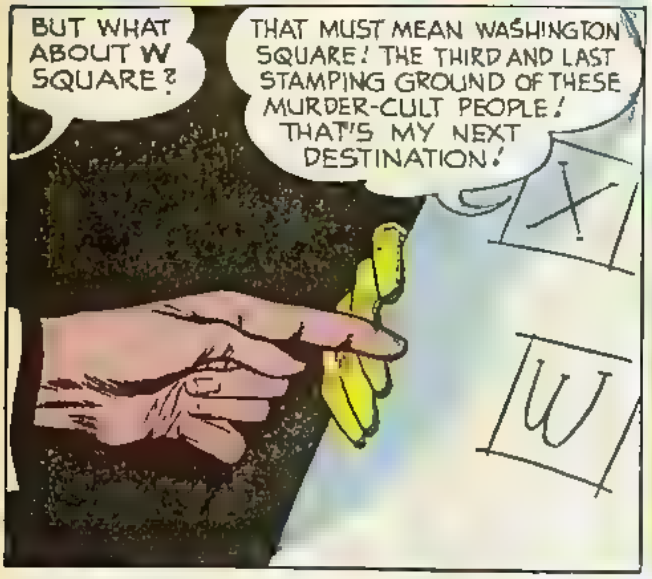

THEY SURE GANGED UP ON ME WITH THESE MURDEROUS WEAPONS!
ONE IS THE IRON CLAW OF THE AFRICAN LEOPARD CULT -THE OTHER IS THE STRANGLE-CORD OF THE EAST INDIAN THUGGEE! TWO FANATICAL CULTS THAT PRACTICE MURDER AS A FINE ART!

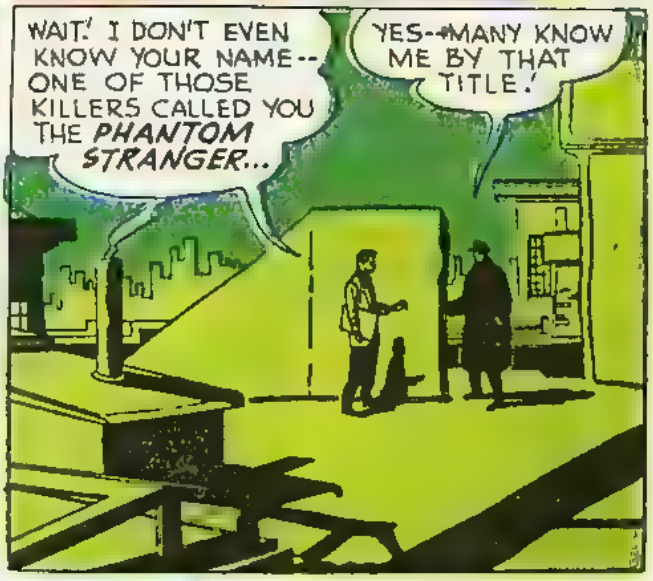
AND THIS IS ANOTHER WEAPON I CAPTURED FROM THEM! A SACRIFICIAL KNIFE OF AN ANCIENT AZTEC WAR TEMPLE! BUT WHY WERE YOU THE TARGET OF THESE FANATICS?

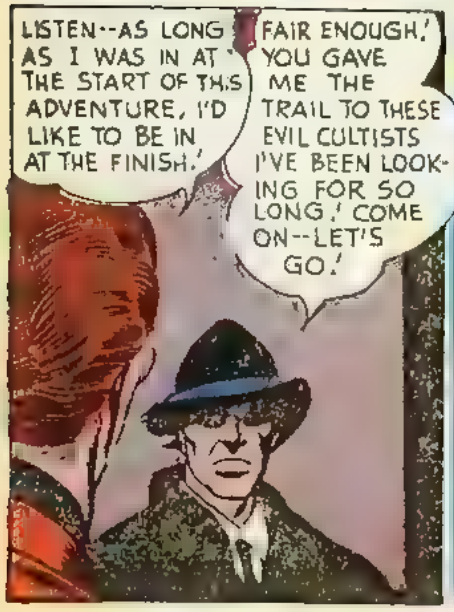

I DON'T KNOW! IT SEEMS TO HAVE BEGUN WHEN I SKETCHED A DIAGRAM IN COLUMBUS CIRCLE... OH, I LOST MY SKETCH BOOK --

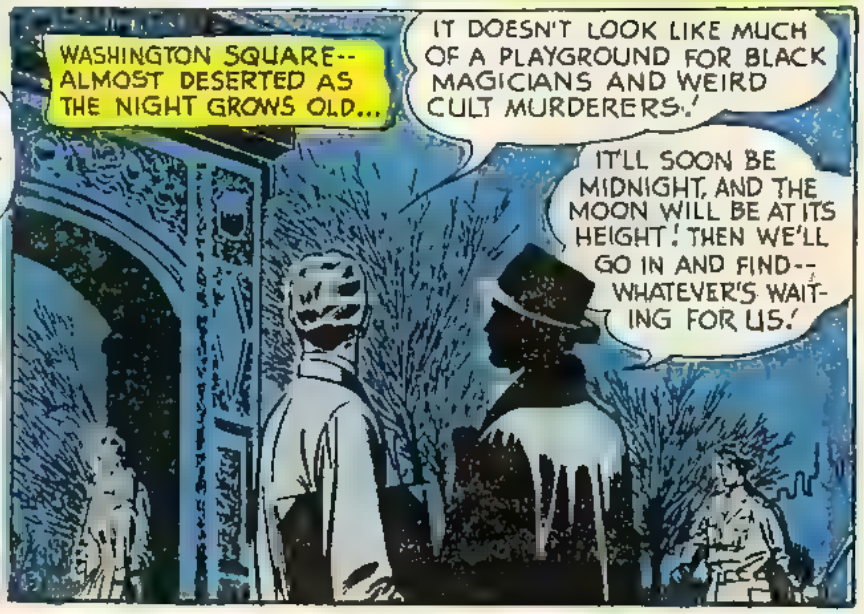
NO, HERE IT IS! I PICKED IT UP WHEN I CLIMBED THE LADDER AFTER YOU!
THAT'S THE SKETCH--A C IN A CIRCLE-- A SQUARED X--AND A W IN A SQUARE!

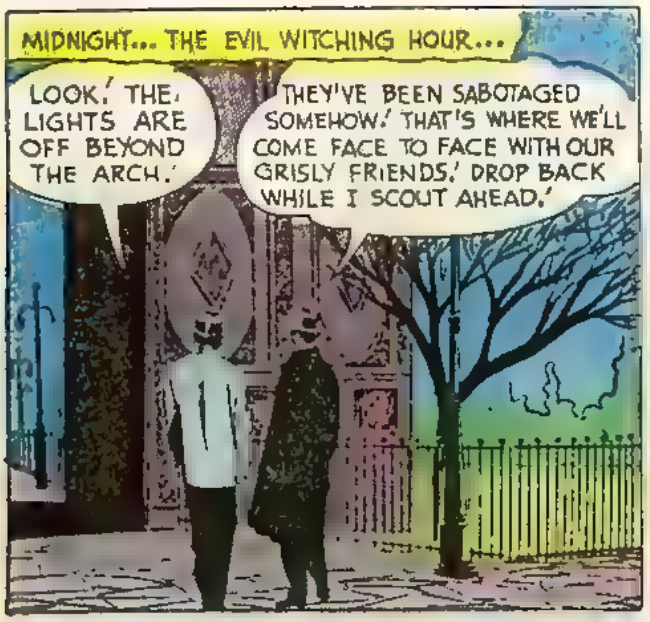
I DREW THE DIAGRAM IN COLUMBUS CIRCLE--THEN WALKED DOWN TO TIMES SQUARE WHERE THEY TRIED TO GET IT AWAY FROM ME!
IT'S BEGINNING TO MAKE SENSE! COLUMBUS CIRCLE IS C CIRCLE IN THE SKETCH! AND THE X WITHIN THE SQUARE--REFERS TO TIMES SQUARE!

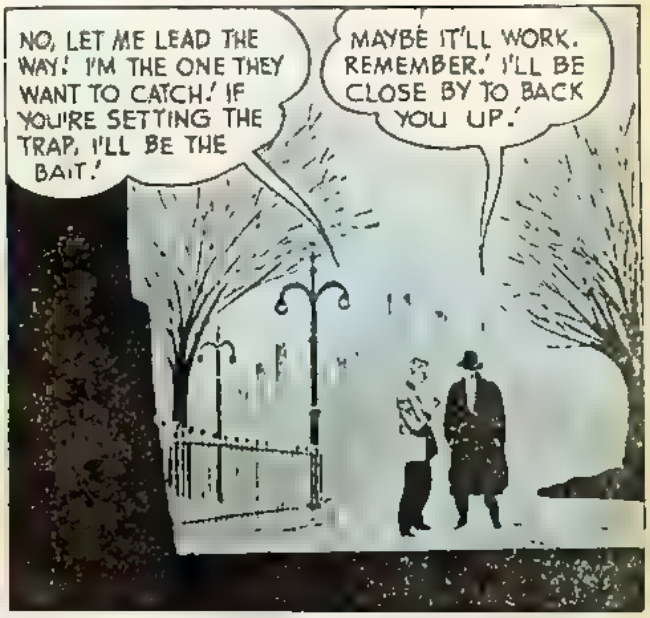

BUT WHAT ABOUT W SQUARE?
THAT MUST MEAN WASHINGTON SQUARE! THE THIRD AND LAST STAMPING GROUND OF THESE MURDER-CULT PEOPLE! THAT'S MY NEXT DESTINATION!
X
W

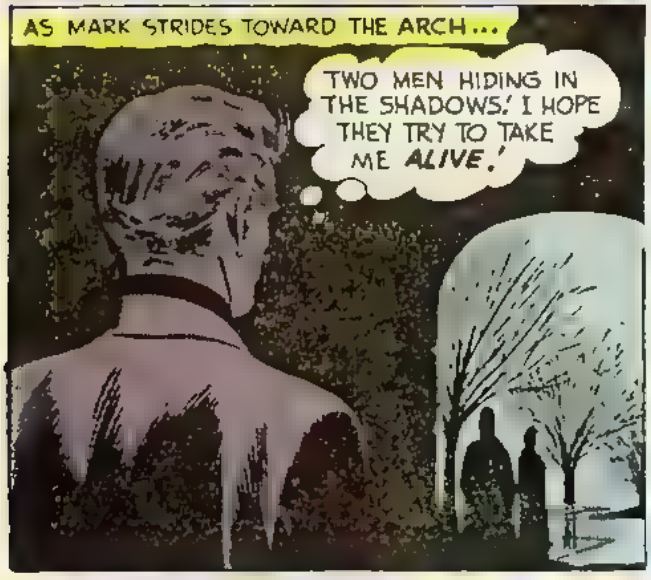

WAIT! I DON'T EVEN KNOW YOUR NAME--ONE OF THOSE KILLERS CALLED YOU THE PHANTOM STRANGER...
YES--MANY KNOW ME BY THAT TITLE!


LISTEN--AS LONG AS I WAS IN AT THE START OF THIS ADVENTURE, I'D LIKE TO BE IN AT THE FINISH!
FAIR ENOUGH! YOU GAVE ME THE TRAIL TO THESE EVIL CULTISTS I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR SO LONG! COME ON--LET'S GO!

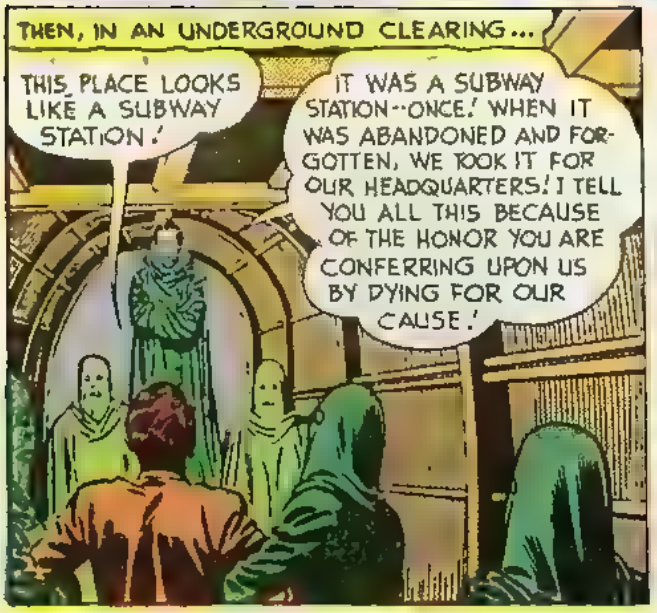

WASHINGTON SQUARE--ALMOST DESERTED AS THE NIGHT GROWS OLD...
IT DOESN'T LOOK LIKE MUCH OF A PLAYGROUND FOR BLACK MAGICIANS AND WEIRD CULT MURDERERS!
IT'LL SOON BE MIDNIGHT, AND THE MOON WILL BE AT ITS HEIGHT! THEN WE'LL GO IN AND FIND--WHATEVER'S WAITING FOR US!

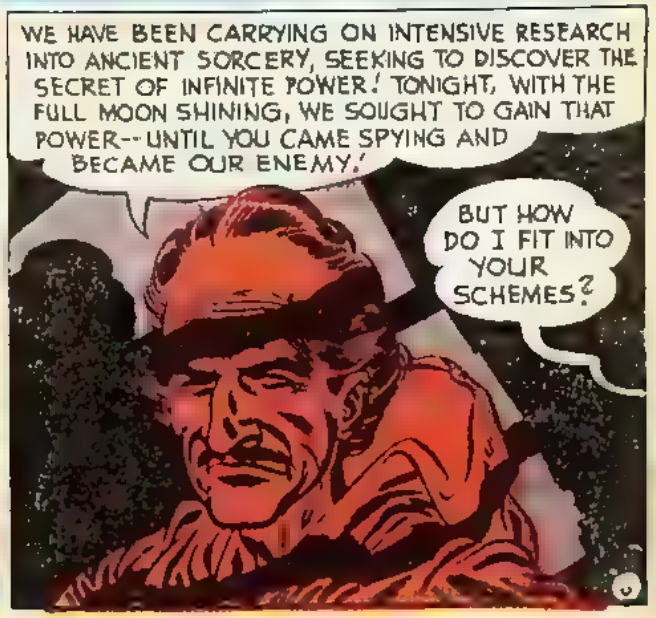

MIDNIGHT... THE EVIL WITCHING HOUR...
LOOK! THE LIGHTS ARE OFF BEYOND THE ARCH!
THEY'VE BEEN SABOTAGED SOMEHOW! THAT'S WHERE WE'LL COME FACE TO FACE WITH OUR GRISLY FRIENDS! DROP BACK WHILE I SCOUT AHEAD!


NO, LET ME LEAD THE WAY! I'M THE ONE THEY WANT TO CATCH! IF YOU'RE SETTING THE TRAP, I'LL BE THE BAIT!
MAYBE IT'LL WORK. REMEMBER! I'LL BE CLOSE BY TO BACK YOU UP!


AS MARK STRIDES TOWARD THE ARCH...
TWO MEN HIDING IN THE SHADOWS! I HOPE THEY TRY TO TAKE ME ALIVE!

SUDDENLY, TWO PAIRS OF HANDS SEIZE MARK AND DRAG HIM TOWARD A HIDDEN TRAPDOOR...
CAN'T PUT UP TOO MUCH OF A STRUGGLE OR THEY'LL FINISH ME NOW!
THROUGH THIS TRAP-DOOR WITH HIM!

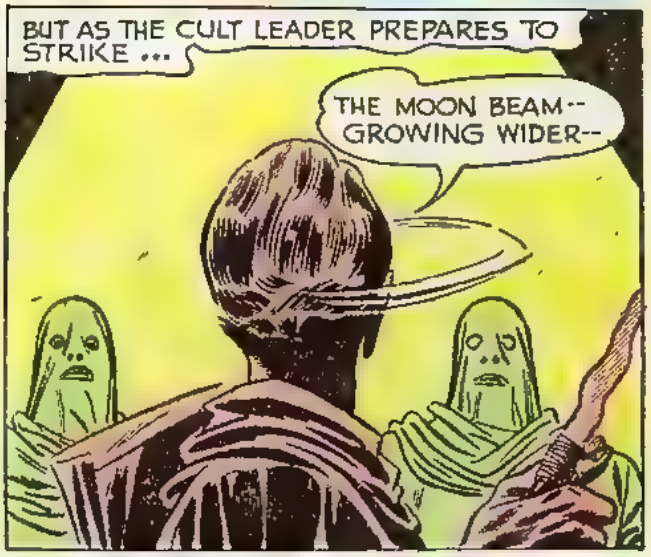

THEN, IN AN UNDERGROUND CLEARING...
THIS PLACE LOOKS LIKE A SUBWAY STATION!
IT WAS A SUBWAY STATION--ONCE! WHEN IT WAS ABANDONED AND FORGOTTEN, WE TOOK IT FOR OUR HEADQUARTERS! I TELL YOU ALL THIS BECAUSE OF THE HONOR YOU ARE CONFERRING UPON US BY DYING FOR OUR CAUSE!


WE HAVE BEEN CARRYING ON INTENSIVE RESEARCH INTO ANCIENT SORCERY, SEEKING TO DISCOVER THE SECRET OF INFINITE POWER! TONIGHT, WITH THE FULL MOON SHINING, WE SOUGHT TO GAIN THAT POWER--UNTIL YOU CAME SPYING AND BECAME OUR ENEMY!
BUT HOW DO I FIT INTO YOUR SCHEMES?

ONE OF OUR RITES CALLS FOR THE SACRIFICE OF AN ENEMY --ON THE NIGHT OF THE FULL MOON! SUCH A SACRIFICE WILL INCREASE BY SEVENFOLD OUR POWER IN THE THREE MYSTIC REGIONS!

THE THREE REGIONS? YOU MEAN COLUMBUS CIRCLE -- TIMES SQUARE -- AND WASHINGTON SQUARE?
CIRCLE, X, AND SQUARE -- THREE MAGIC SYMBOLS OUT OF ANCIENT LORE! IF OUR SPELLS ARE SUCCESSFUL, WE SHALL RULE THOSE PLACES, AND ALL THE THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE WHO PASS THROUGH THEM!

BEAR WITNESS, MIGHTY SPIRITS! BY THE LIGHT OF THE MOON, I TRADE YOU THIS HUMAN LIFE FOR POWER!

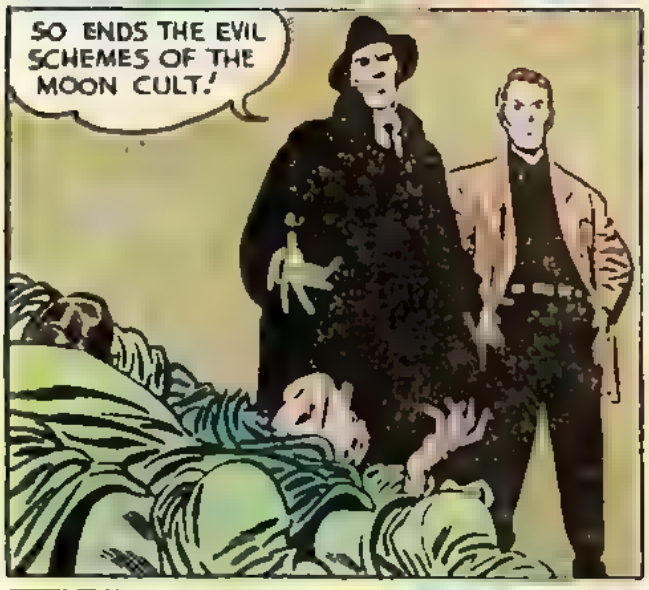

BUT AS THE CULT LEADER PREPARES TO STRIKE ...
THE MOON BEAM -- GROWING WIDER--

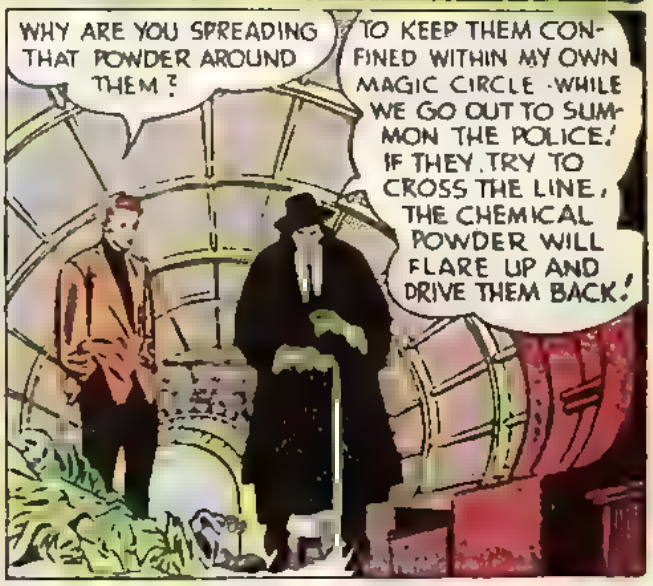
WIDER -- AND WIDER! BUT HOW?

THEN THROUGH THE GAPING HOLE FROM ABOVE, A FIGURE PLUMMETS DOWNWARD...
THE PHANTOM STRANGER!

COME ON, MARK-- LET'S PUT AN END TO THIS MURDEROUS INSANITY-- ONCE AND FOR ALL!

THAT'S IT, MARK! MAKE EVERY BLOW COUNT!


SO ENDS THE EVIL SCHEMES OF THE MOON CULT!


WHY ARE YOU SPREADING THAT POWDER AROUND THEM?
TO KEEP THEM CONFINED WITHIN MY OWN MAGIC CIRCLE -WHILE WE GO OUT TO SUMMON THE POLICE! IF THEY TRY TO CROSS THE LINE, THE CHEMICAL POWDER WILL FLARE UP AND DRIVE THEM BACK!

OUT IN THE OPEN AGAIN...
THERE'S A POLICEMAN NOW! OFFICER, OFFICER!

MY FRIEND HERE AND I CAPTURED --WHY, HE'S VANISHED!
THE END!

ER--FOLLOW ME, OFFICER, AND I'LL SHOW YOU WHAT HAPPENED!

Tootsie Rolls' GREAT BIG Contest

HURRY! 100 PRIZES HURRY!

How would YOU like to win one of these dandy prizes? It's EASY! Any child between six and sixteen has a chance. Read the rules; then send in your entry. To get the necessary five wrappers buy and enjoy those delicious, chocolaty TOOTSIE ROLLS and TOOTSIE POPS at the candy store or counter. Or ask mom to get those HANDI-PAKS of 22 Tootsie Rolls . . . MULTI-PAKS of 6 big Tootsie Rolls—or the PARTY-PAK of 10 assorted fruit-flavors and chocolate Tootsie Pops with a center of chewy Tootsie Rolls, when she's shopping at the grocer's or supermarket.

10 COLUMBIA 3-STAR DELUXE MODEL R19T MOTOBIKES

There's real deluxe style and zip in this flashing Columbia Bicycle. 18" Therm-O-Matic Frame, Air-Flow Tank with Electric Horn, Full Length Air-Flow Chain Guard, Deeper wider Motobike Fenders, Lock Top Torpedo Headlight, Deluxe Tan Top Saddle, Columbia Non-Slip Handlebar Grips.

10 Steger CHUCK WAGONS

Tubular steel handle exclusive with Steger . . . the famous Stake and Chuck wagon.

10 Toni DOLLS

with washable Nylon hair that can be combed, set, waved and made up.

JUST FOLLOW THESE SIMPLE RULES:

1. Complete the statement (in 25 words or less) "I like TOOTSIE ROLLS (or TOOTSIE POPS) because . . . " On a plain sheet of paper—write or print CLEARLY—your name, street and number, city or town, state—and your age.

2. Send entry, accompanied with 5 wrappers from either TOOTSIE ROLLS or TOOTSIE POPS . . . to TOOTSIE ROLLS CONTEST, Box 877, New York 46, N. Y.

3. Send as many entries as you wish, but with each entry you must send 5 wrappers from TOOTSIE ROLLS or TOOTSIE POPS.

4. This contest is open only to boys and girls between the ages of 6 and 16—and is good only in Continental United States and in compliance with State Laws. Company employees and their families, agency employees and their families, are not eligible.

5. Entries will be judged for originality and sincerity for the particular age group; the youngest child has as much chance as the oldest. In case of ties duplicate prizes will be awarded. Decision of the judges will be final and all entries become the property of The Sweets Company of America, Inc. No entries will be returned.

6. CONTEST STARTS AUGUST 1, 1952 and ENDS OCTOBER 15th, so hurry—get your entry in . . . but first read these rules carefully. Entries must be postmarked before midnight, October 15, 1952 and received before midnight October 24, 1952. Winners will be notified by mail as soon as possible following selection of winners by the judges.

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Rugged Plastic Plane with miniature One-Cylinder Engine and Flight Control Unit.

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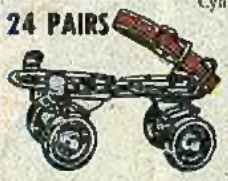

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24 TRIPLE LINED BASKETBALLS

Made of Evercoid, a heavy coated pebble-grained fabric. Equipped with heavy duty valve bladders.

12 FIELDER'S GLOVES

Deep-pocket glove, well-stitched fingers and thumb. A real glove!

CONTEST CLOSES OCTOBER 15, 1952

HURRY! HURRY! SEND IN YOUR ENTRY!

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USED BY U. S. ARMED FORCES

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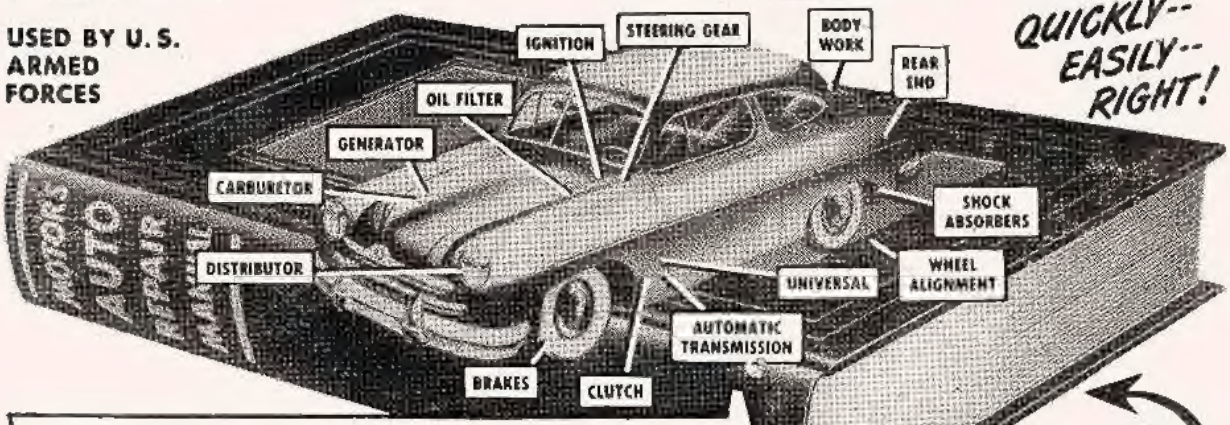

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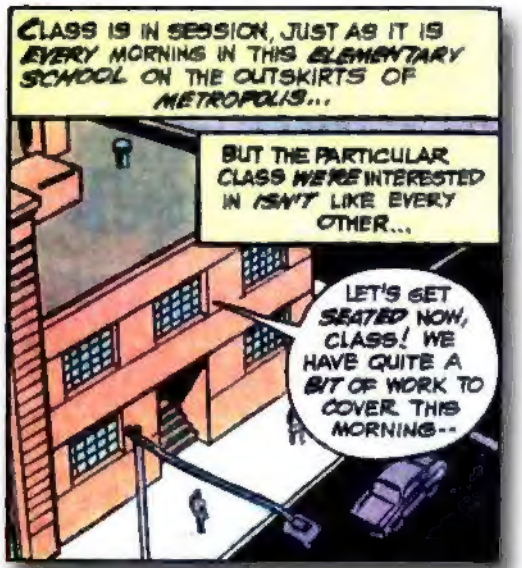

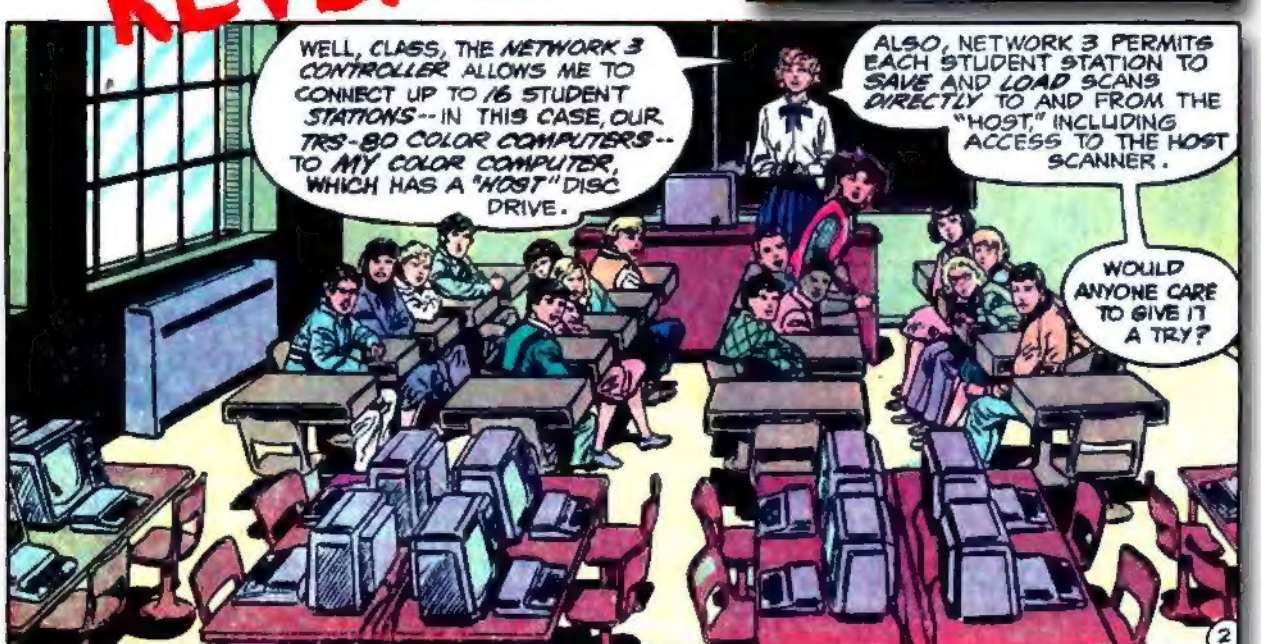

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